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REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE.] [FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

VOL. XX.—NO. 505.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1899. [PRICE 6D.

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THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1899.

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THE WEEK.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS: AT HOME.

ON Saturday last Mr. Chamberlain gave a new and alarming turn to the Transvaal Question by making a speech to a party of visitors to his gardens at Highbury, embodying a solemn warning to President Kruger against further delay in satisfying the British demands. In this speech, which in appearance was delivered in reply to an invitation from his audience, he declared that Sir Alfred Milner's proposals at the Bloemfontein Conference were the very lowest terms which the Government could ask or accept, and that President Kruger had the power to avert war and save the independence of the Transvaal by accepting them at once. Should he refuse to do so, England would not let the matter drop until it had settled the question of supremacy in South Africa once for all, and had also secured the equal rights and privileges promised when the autonomy of the Transvaal was restored, but never granted yet. The speech has been interpreted according to the views of the interpreters—either as the preliminary to an ultimatum to President Kruger, or as an attempt to force on the outbreak of war, and it has roused an opposition in this country of which the most notable sign is Mr. Frederic Harrison's proposed appeal to Lord Salisbury to take the negotiations out of Mr. Chamberlain's hands. It is clear, unfortunately, that it has given a considerable stimulus to Jingoism and racial feeling in Cape Colony. We discuss the situation elsewhere.

IN the references to home politics which closed the speech, Mr. Chamberlain spoke of eleven great reforms which stand out prominently in Unionist measures, and declared that ten out of the eleven have been already achieved. Old Age Pensions is, we suppose, the eleventh, and among the rest he, of course, made much of the Small Houses Act; but he also mentioned the Workmen's Compensation Act, the Mines Act, factory legislation, and the Truck Act, and assured his hearers that all this beneficent social legislation was the result of the maintenance of their separate organisation by the Liberal Unionists. Considering that this organisation always accepts the orders of its Tory allies in electoral matters, it is surprising that the latter should continue to stand in awe of what it may do if it is not duly placated by social legislation. But we await with interest any evidence that the Liberal Unionists as a body care as much for "social legislation" as the younger Tories appear to.

THREE congresses have been in session during the present week. At Liverpool the Institute of Journalists has held its annual meeting under the presidency of Sir Wemyss Reid. His presidential address commended the good work it has done in securing the recognition of journalism as a profession and improving the status of the journalist. It contained also a congratulatory reference to the failure of the attempt to inflict on the British public seven-day newspapers on the American plan, and also some adverse comment on the recent extensions, and attempted extensions, of the principles of copyright in regard to reports of speeches and items of news. And it concluded with a grave warning against the great danger of journalism to-day—that it should be used solely as a means of making money for the speculators in newspaper property, and forget its higher mission.

AT Southampton the Congress of the Sanitary Institute was opened on Tuesday by a presidential address from Sir W. H. Preece, containing a remarkable, but not unprecedented, panegyric of Moses as a pioneer of hygiene. By following the teaching of the Book of Leviticus, and supplementing it with certain applications of modern bacteriology, we may come to five-score years if we choose. Of the practical applications of science suggested in the address, the most notable were the use of sea-water for watering the streets and flushing sewers, and of electricity as a disinfectant. Sewage farms, it seems, are a failure, and so is the utilisation of sewage generally. Apparently we must look to beneficent bacteria, the good fairies of modern life.

THE Catholic Truth Congress, held at Shrewsbury, naturally expressed its satisfaction at the crisis in the Anglican Church, as making for the advantage of the Roman Communion—which perhaps it may, though the 'verts will be counted by units rather than by scores or hundreds. But the most notable feature of the proceedings was Cardinal Vaughan's Radical, but somewhat unhistorical, presidential address. It contained a good deal with which advanced Liberals will find themselves in cordial sympathy, notably an approval of a progressive income-tax and a demand for further restrictions on the drink traffic, which (as he declared) is forced on the poor by the rich. (Will Roman Catholics venture to hold brewery shares after that?) But the Cardinal's views of English history are an interesting illustration of what a British or Irish Catholic University might be expected to teach to its undergraduate members.

It is quite natural that a Roman Catholic prelate, speaking in one of his ecclesiastical capacities, should trace the economic troubles of the last three centuries in England to the confiscation of monastic property, and the "selfish individualism" that replaced the ethics of mediæval Catholicism. Independent historians, however, have observed that the monastic system of charity and hospitality was a direct encouragement to pauperism and idleness; that the drain from the country to the towns began long before the Reformation—in fact, with the growth of manufacture and the increase in the production of wool; that the change in farming which this involved was partly a consequence of the Black Death, and began a century and a half earlier than the dissolution of the monasteries, and that those institutions were in a state of decay before the dissolution. All these positions are debated and debatable, but the fact that a Cardinal who is not a professed historian stamps a view inconsistent with them with the authority of the Church would presumably be quite enough to prevent the students in a Catholic University getting a chance to hear the other side fairly.

LORD HALIFAX'S address to the lay members of the English Church Union exhibits that reluctance to submit to episcopal authority which has characterised the Ritualist movement throughout its history. The laity are to stand by their priests; these are to obey "grudgingly and of necessity," and without prejudice to their conduct in the future; they are recommended to use incense when it is not expressly prohibited, *e.g.* before the service begins; and in general they are to sail as near the wind as they can. Little children often behave in this way when they are forbidden to do something, and are generally reminded that obedience, if it is worth anything, must be prompt and cheerful and complete. But these grown men, serious and devout, are not to defy authority and take the consequences, which is sometimes a duty, but to dodge it, "in view of the present distress." If Churchmen do not want to be bound by what Lord Halifax calls "an Act of Parliament passed three hundred years ago, in the teeth of the Bishops and Convocation," they have several courses open to them. They can repudiate the authority of the present Bishops in favour of that of their predecessors, in deed as well as in word; or they can agitate for the repeal of the obnoxious Act; or they can take the more comprehensive course of joining the Society for the Liberation of Religion from State Patronage and Control. But if they are members of a State Church they must take the consequences of their position without flinching.

IT is startling to find that military conscription is about to be introduced into a British possession, and one which practically enjoys Home Rule. Yet this, according to the Guernsey correspondent of *The Times*, is the outcome of the recent disturbances in the local militia, and of the long-standing threats of the War Office to remove the regular garrison unless the island could undertake to provide an efficient local force. The present militia, in which every man in the island from sixteen to sixty (other than resident strangers) is legally bound to serve, but which is not under military law, is to be replaced by a force of a thousand men between the ages of seventeen and thirty, besides the annual quota of recruits necessary to keep up its strength. There will also be a regular reserve of time-expired men between the ages of thirty and forty-five, a thousand of whom would be called out in the event of war. There is to be an annual training, as in England, of twenty-one days for recruits, followed by eleven more for the force as a whole. Volunteers are to be called for in the first instance, and the ballot will supplement deficiencies. The force will, of course, be under the Army Act. The service demanded is much less than what is cheerfully given in Switzerland; the training, we expect, will be a sort of annual festival (though the only possible camping-ground in the island will be effectually spoilt for the golfer and the tourist); and a certain number of half-pay officers will find a comfortable field for their otherwise wasting energies. Some queries are suggested by the news. Rifle-shooting has become a sort of national sport in the island; it has not only resulted in the winning of the Kolapore Cup and the Queen's Prize, but opened up a new sphere of activity to womankind. It will be interesting to see if its popularity will survive the professionalising of warfare. And we should like to know what the masses think of the plan. The Legislature, we are told, considers it fair and reasonable, but that body is less "popular" than even the Prussian Parliament.

ABROAD.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S official reply to the alternative proposals of the Transvaal Government has reached Pretoria. It is unfavourable to the particular form of settlement embodied in them, but it suggests another form of inquiry into their sufficiency, to be followed by further suggestions from the British side. All this makes for a pacific settlement, and the official negotiations do not possess the character that was suggested by his most undiplomatic speech. But that speech has given a marked impulse to Jingoism in Cape Colony, and has clearly intensified the racial friction between English and Dutch in South Africa. The Jingoism of the Cape "Progressives" has found vent in bitter attacks, both in and out of Parliament, on the Cape Ministry for permitting the transit of arms to the Orange Free State, on the ground that they may be used against us either by its burghers, which is improbable, or by the black population, among whom there would be sporadic risings in the event of war. The matter, however, constitutionally falls within the province of the Imperial rather than of the Cape Government; and the Orange Free State has given such proofs of its friendliness that it is hardly fair to suspect its sincerity now. Mr. Schreiner's speech in the Cape Parliament on Monday, with its reminder that English and Dutch in South Africa "would still have to live together after the storm had burst," may well give pause to the Jingoes; but they are agitating against the Ministry. The official negotiations, in short, still give hope of a pacific settlement. The non-official proceedings make more and more for war.

THE opening of the Atbara bridge last Saturday gave Lord Kitchener an opportunity of bestowing some well-deserved congratulations on all those concerned, including the American workmen employed on the bridge, in the great work of making the Soudan railway, now within seventy-five miles of Khartoum. It is a pity that the Sirdar, who had so much to say that was really striking as to the difficulties that have been met with and the skill with which they have been overcome, should have gone out of his way to repeat the usual platitudes as to the relations between capital and labour in England, and to declare that the consequent want of confidence in the ability of English firms to complete contracts had caused the order to be placed in America. American labour troubles are at least as threatening as English; and it has surely been made clear that the bridge was made in America because British builders were too busy to take it, and because America, with her large rivers and rapid railway development, has types, or "stock sizes," of bridges adaptable to most needs, which can be got ready for use more rapidly than a special design.

FAR Eastern Questions are coming to the front again. The alarming conflict between Russian and British interests and forces at Hankow, to which reference is made on a later page, has been happily averted by the yielding of the Russians, and a reference of the dispute to arbitration. But there are more important signs this week of a fresh phase in the struggle against the growth of Russian influence in China. The interesting information collected by the Peking correspondent of *The Times* indicates that Russian supremacy in Korea is giving way to Japanese: the latter nation are more in touch with the native mind, especially with its progressive elements; the former are bureaucratic and obstructive. What is more, the trade relations of the population are not with Russia, nor are they likely to be so in the near future; and the Japanese are eager to check every Russian advance. An alliance with Japan seems to be ours for the asking; and, in view of the probability that the Italian project at Saumun Bay may not be carried further, it seems not impossible that we shall see a revival of the agitation for the preservation of the integrity of China by the alliance with Japan and the United States, the day for which has been thought to be past.

THE course of events at Rennes since Friday last has been extremely significant as well as eminently sensational. The fantastic theories of M. Bertillon, showing only how far an expert can sometimes travel away from experience, have apparently failed to impress the Court, and have since been demolished by a crowd of experts, some of them of no less eminence than himself. The evidence of Captain Freystaetter has exposed conclusively both the absolute illegality of the procedure at the 1894 court-martial; and the pitiable evasions of Colonel Maurel only brought General Mercier's violation of the law into sharper relief. M. de Freycinet's deposition proved to be in its essence merely the kind of Ministerial speech that might have been made by a cautious Minister six months ago. But incidentally he let it be seen that the Commander-in-Chief of the French Army shares the delusion as to the Dreyfus syndicate which one would have imagined had been exploded by now except among Nationalist fanatics in France; and M. Labori's final question, it may be hoped, disposed of the belief that the most experienced of French War Ministers has given the fable any support. Finally, Captain Lebrun-Renaud has exhibited the absolute worthlessness of his own evidence as to Captain Dreyfus's alleged confession. General Mercier seems preparing either for a change of front or for a retreat; but at present we wait for the testimony of Colonel du Paty de Clam, now being taken on commission, which seems likely to put the *coup de grâce* to the case for the prosecution. And then—what?

THE siege of "Fort Chabrol" has meanwhile continued, to the great injury of the traffic of the neighbourhood and the danger of public health. Strange rumours have been set afoot to account for the leniency of the Government, to the effect that either the Duke of Orleans or Prince Victor Napoleon is in the company of M. Guérin, and that therefore the Government holds its hand. But the Duke of Orleans, even if he were not duly accounted for elsewhere, is not the man to endure discomfort for long—one remembers the sumptuous repasts with which he was supplied by a *restaurateur* during his self-imposed imprisonment in 1890, and the bills for them which he refused to pay; and it is scarcely likely that Paris or the Army would rise at the present moment in favour of either Pretender. The "Fort" is to be reduced by the agency of fire-engines, a course which would have been more effective a week ago. A more serious crisis may arrive when the Senate meets to try M. Paul Déroulède and his fellow-conspirators, the result of the Dreyfus case, or an appeal from the decision, brings the Army into conflict with the civil authority and the law. But the Government shows an excessive desire to avoid pushing matters to extremities—whether from policy or from impotence is not clear; but if a crisis should come, it is well that "the siege of Fort Chabrol" should have made one kind of revolutionary movement stale, unprofitable and thoroughly ridiculous.

THE German Emperor, in his capacity as King of Prussia, has accepted his defeat at the hands of the Conservatives with a good grace, and has even retained the Minister to whom the present situation is chiefly due. Herr von Miquel is known to have opposed the canal scheme before it was introduced into the Landtag; he was, at first, lukewarm in its support, and he had assured its opponents that no quarrel with Ministers could arise from their opposition. Yet he remains in office, perhaps because he is also Finance Minister of the Empire, and the Imperial confidence in him is apparently unshaken. The session of the Landtag was closed on Tuesday—the ceremony having been postponed from Saturday by a curious bit of mismanagement which may be taken also as a fresh proof of independence on the part of the Lower House—and the Imperial speech merely regretted the rejection of the Canal Scheme and, announcing that it would be brought forward again, expressed a hope of the conversion of public opinion. Outside agrarian circles, that conversion is effected; but the Landtag is among the least representative of European Parliaments. It was thought possible that some of the recalcitrant members, who are also *Landräthe* or local administrators, might lose their posts. It would have been a violation of the Prussian Constitution, though an order exists of the Bismarckian period (1882) requiring such officials to support the Government. They have been officially reminded of their duty, but that is all; and the Emperor-King has apparently resolved to accept his rebuff with cheerfulness.

THE racial conflicts in Austria are again becoming acute. The recent troubles at Cilli in Styria, followed on Sunday week by a riot and bloodshed among the German Nationalists of Grasslitz, on the Saxon frontier of Bohemia, have had their echoes not merely in Carinthia, which is natural, but even in pacific and clerical Tyrol, and are threatening the discipline of the army itself. A German regiment has been sent to keep order at Grasslitz, and the utmost efforts are being made to win it over to the German Nationalist cause; and a duel between a German and a Czech officer, because the latter had cheered the Kaiser in Czech, is significant of what may happen if the agitation proceeds. Sometimes, it is true, the demonstrations have their absurd side, as when the population of Eger, headed by the Mayor, assemble in front of the military headquarters to hoot the officers, and are allowed to do so to their hearts' content. But the episode is significant nevertheless. A more immediately important result, however, is that the German Nationalists will recommence their obstruction as soon as the Reichsrath reassembles, and will probably make it impossible to elect the Austrian Delegation unless the obnoxious and unconstitutional language-ordinances are rescinded; but such a step will arouse the forces of Czech obstruction at once. If the Delegation is not elected, it will be impossible to carry on the foreign affairs of the Dual Monarchy, or even to maintain the army, in a constitutional manner; and Hungary, which is still constitutional and Liberal, will once more take the lead of despotic

IF housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

and clerical Austria. That is a consummation hardly to be desired by the German Nationalists, who, whatever else they are, are not Liberals.

LITERATURE etc.

THE hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the birth of Goethe was celebrated at Frankfort-on-the-Main, at Weimar, and elsewhere in Germany at the beginning of the week. The proceedings at the first-named city strike the foreign observer as a little odd, inasmuch as they included a lecture on Goethe's researches in optics—perhaps the least satisfactory of his contributions to learning—and a performance of his *Torquato Tasso*, which it is probable that not many people outside Germany have read. There was also a Goethe concert, at which five thousand people were present; a "solemn act of homage" before his monument, and a torchlight procession. It seems odd that no notice has (apparently) been taken of the occasion in England; and the Austrian Pan-Germanists have lost a splendid opportunity of advertising their desire to be incorporated in a purely German commonwealth. What would not the Czechs or Poles have done, had they had a Goethe to defy the police with! But the fame of Goethe, we fear, has suffered eclipse among us in these days of psychophysics, reality, and realism; and though Goethe may, as a Frankfort paper declares, be "the Joshua and the Luther of the German nation" (he was quite unconscious of the fact himself), the Austrian Pan-Germanic fanatics are not exactly literary, and such interest in Germanic heroes as they possess appears to stop at the close of Paganism, and to begin again with Herr Wolf.

IN Mr. Fisher Unwin's lengthy list of works to be published by him during the autumn season, we may note "Taxes on Knowledge: the Story of their Origin, Growth, and Repeal," by the late Mr. Charles Dobson Collet, who himself took a prominent part in bringing about their downfall, and whose account of it will have a preface by another veteran reformer, Mr. George Jacob Holyoake; "The Welsh People: their Origin, Language, and History," excerpts from the Report of the Welsh Land Commission, edited, with additions, notes, and appendices, by Prof. Rhys and Mr. Brynmor Jones, M.P.; "Modern Spain" and "Modern Italy" (in the "Story of the Nations" Series), respectively by Major Martin Hume and Prof. Pietro Orsi; some reminiscences by the veteran journalist, Sir Edward Russel, under the title of "That Reminds Me"; and a group of Alpine books, including "From the Alps to the Andes," by the guide, Matthias Zurbriggen, and "The Climbs of Norman Neruda," whose death by an accident on the Dolomites was among last year's Alpine disasters; and much fiction, including a new story by Ouida. —Mr. S. R. Crockett's new novel, "Kit Kennedy, Country Boy," appears in the lists both of Mr. Unwin and of Messrs. James Clarke & Co. This suggests a reversion to the business methods of the last century; but the book is published in a different form by each. The book itself is stated to contain much autobiographical material, and to be, in fact, Mr. Crockett's "David Copperfield." Messrs. Clarke announce it for publication on Monday next.

AMONG Messrs. Cassell & Co.'s announcements we may notice "Memoirs and Correspondence of Lyon Playfair," edited by Sir Wemyss Reid, based on an autobiography of its subject, and containing most interesting reminiscences of his career as a man of science and in Parliament, and of the many eminent men of science and statesmen with whom he had to do; "Our Rarer British Breeding Birds," with seventy illustrations, by Richard Kearton, F.Z.S.; and a new novel by "Q," "The Ship of Stars."—Mr. Elliot Stock promises a collection of the many Italian legends and folk-tales relating to Virgil as a magician, brought together from oral narratives by Mr. C. G. Leland.—Mr. J. W. Arrowsmith, of Bristol, has this week published two romances—a historical novel by S. Walkey, a new writer, dealing with the Duchesse de Berri, who was a feature, though scarcely a creditable one, of the period of the Regency in France; and "Caramella, or The Land of the Lotus Eaters," a humorous story by George P. Hawtrey. The central idea of this book appears to be that the laziness of Englishmen, contrasted with that of some other peoples, is energy itself. This is probably true, and certainly flattering to our national pride.

OBITUARY.

BARON ALBERT GRANT will be remembered as one of the earliest examples of the modern Leviathans of company promoting: a financier of many vicissitudes, a Conservative M.P., and the renovator of Leicester Square.—Mr. Edmund Routledge, formerly a member of the well-known publishing firm, and an editor from his boyhood, had formed part of several London County Councils either as a councillor or as an alderman, and had thrice contested Parliamentary constituencies in the Liberal interest—unfortunately without success. In society he was known as an able amateur actor and a patron of the dramatic art.—Professor James Cuming, M.D., Professor of Medicine in Queen's College, Belfast, since 1865, was one of the leading physicians in the North of Ireland.—Mr. Owen Glynne Jones, of the City of London School, whose death, with that of two guides, adds yet another to the list of accidents which have occurred on the Dent Blanche, was an effective lecturer and writer on scientific subjects and an enthusiastic and daring mountaineer.—The Rev. Thomas Hill, formerly of Finchley, had held a prominent position in the front rank of the Congregationalist Ministry.—Mr. Samuel Palmer will be remembered as the enterprising and indefatigable indexer of *The Times*.—Mr. Arthur Budd had been President of the Rugby Football Union.

THE TRUE FRIENDS OF PEACE.

IT is greatly to be deplored that the question between ourselves and the Transvaal should still remain open. Week after week passes and no real progress is made in the direction of a settlement. So long as this is the case there is the constant danger that some accident may happen which will cause a sudden conflagration in South Africa and make war inevitable. During the past week it has seemed more than once as though such an accident was imminent. We have had a menacing speech from Mr. Chamberlain, who, when he finds himself at Birmingham, seems incapable of making use of the soft answer that turns away wrath. We have had a defiant and bellicose reply from General Joubert, and we have had endless rumours of a more or less disquieting kind from the newspaper correspondents at the Cape, Johannesburg, and Pretoria. As a consequence, we have seemed more than once during the week to be on the verge of war, and of a war which almost everybody regards as unnecessary and unjustifiable. The situation has, moreover, been complicated by the bitterness with which the controversy is being carried on both here and in South Africa by the two parties. In South Africa those who sympathise with the Boers insist that Great Britain is bent upon destroying the internal independence of the Transvaal, whilst the friends of the Uitlanders point with indignation to the Cape Premier as being neither more nor less than a

traitor in disguise. In England we have almost ferocious utterances from the organs of the Jingo party in the Press, and unfortunately we have utterances just as mischievous and as unjustifiable from those who accept the Boer view of British policy, and who are opposing the idea of a war with the Transvaal by methods and arguments so unwise that they can only tend to make such a war more probable. It is a most disconcerting and unsatisfactory situation for those persons who reject "the falsehood of extremes" on both sides; but it will continue to exist so long as the question remains an open one and no agreement is arrived at between Sir Alfred Milner and Mr. Kruger.

For the delay in coming to a settlement it seems to us that the Government of the Transvaal are chiefly responsible, and their friends in this country do them a very bad service when they seek to obscure this fact. Whether it be due to the character of the Boers generally, or to the peculiar idiosyncrasy of Mr. Kruger himself, we do not pretend to say; but the fact remains that at Pretoria a very dangerous and most unstatesmanlike system of procrastination has been adopted in dealing with the question at issue. Nor is this system of procrastination the only blunder which is being committed by the Boers. They are tenaciously higgling over irrelevant issues at the very moment when their country is in real danger of a war that is certain, if it should break out, to ruin the Transvaal. The result is that they are fanning the passion of the war party both in this country and at the Cape, and are making it more difficult than ever to bring the prolonged controversy to a pacific conclusion. It is said by those who have espoused their cause in England that they are driven to this course by the crude diplomatic methods of Mr. Chamberlain. It is hardly necessary to say here that we have no admiration for Mr. Chamberlain's way of conducting a delicate and difficult negotiation; but we may at least point out to *The Manchester Guardian*, and those who agree with it, that supposing Mr. Chamberlain is really guilty of the designs imputed to him—is really wishing for war, that is to say—the tactics of the Pretoria Government are smoothing his way, and bringing the realisation of his hopes every day nearer. The longer the irritation is kept up on both sides the greater is the risk of a catastrophe. President Kruger ought to know that in this country there is a very large party which does not desire war, though it does demand justice for the Uitlanders. The members of this party are conscious of the obligation of honour under which we lie to the Transvaal. They have not the smallest desire to see that State annexed to the British Empire, and they long for nothing so ardently as a settlement of the dispute that shall be not unsatisfactory to both parties. They have been quick to denounce the attempts that have been made by the enemies of the Boers to enlarge the demands of the British Government, and their denunciations have apparently had some effect seeing that we no longer hear any responsible person clamouring for the disarmament of the Dutch inhabitants of the Transvaal and for other preposterous measures which were never hinted at by Sir Alfred Milner at the Bloemfontein Conference. Yet those who take this just and reasonable view of the position between ourselves and the Boers are profoundly disquieted by the stubborn refusal of Mr. Kruger and his advisers to face the actual situation and to deal with the problem in a statesmanlike manner.

Our hope still is that patience, firmness, and good temper may lead to the unravelling of the knot, and that it will not have to be cut by the sword. It is a great pity that the Boers did not frankly accept the British proposal for a joint consultation over the new franchise proposals. If the proposals are what on the surface they appear to be, Mr. Kruger ought to have felt no reluctance to submit them to the examination of our agents. Yet, when this easy way of establishing his own good faith and of putting an end to the controversy was open to him, he has preferred not only to reject it, but to accompany his offer of concessions by conditions which, if they are not meaningless, are absolutely inadmissible, and which in any case add to the perplexity of the situation. If his stipulation on the subject of the suzerainty means that he wishes England to give up her position as the paramount Power in South Africa, he knows that he is asking what he can never obtain until he has fought us in the field and beaten us. If it does not mean this, it is useless and trivial. Nor is his requirement that we should undertake not again to interfere in the internal affairs of the Transvaal more reasonable. It would be impossible for any English statesman to give such a promise, though the overwhelming majority of our statesmen cherish the hope that intervention may never again be necessary. To the sincere lovers of peace it is unintelligible why such conditions as these should have been proposed by the Boer Government; and we can only trust that Mr. Kruger will understand that the real peace party in this country—the only peace party that is likely to be able to influence the course of affairs—earnestly hope that he will simplify the situation by abandoning contentions which are either puerile or indefensible. On the other hand, the true friends of peace are bound to exert themselves in order to prevent the triumph of the violent and aggressive policy which is so strongly urged upon Mr. Chamberlain by certain organs of opinion. If we can make it clear that the English demand is still what it was when Sir Alfred Milner formulated his proposals at Bloemfontein, and that, provided the Boers do not procrastinate further, no addition will be made to it, we may possibly obtain the pacific solution which the majority of Englishmen so ardently desire. Nothing, however, could add more largely to the dangers of the situation than an agitation in this country which might lead Mr. Kruger to suppose that if he can only, by means of dilatory negotiations, waste a sufficient amount of time, he may in the end come off victorious.

IMPATIENCE AND IMPERIALISM.

PRESIDENT McKINLEY'S speech to the Tenth Pennsylvania Regiment on its arrival from Manila is to be welcomed as a clear declaration of the policy of the United States towards the islands in the future, and a vindication of it in the past. No doubt there is a somewhat startling contrast, in appearance, between the maxims of the Declaration of Independence and the statement that the Philippines are as much American property as Texas or Louisiana or Alaska after their purchase from their previous owners. The Louisianian Creoles, if we remember aright, confined their opposition to grumbling and to boycotting the American officials, and the Greasers of Texas and the Indians of Alaska did nothing at all. The maxim that all just government derives its force from the consent of the governed undoubtedly contrasts somewhat oddly with the position of the United States troops at Manila. The obvious answer, however, to the opponents of

American expansion who continue to quote it is that it is inapplicable to the present situation. The American Government may be unpopular in the Philippines; it is certain that any conceivable Filipino administration would be more so, and that it would have neither the homogeneity nor the force necessary to assert its authority and perform the elementary functions of a Government. The American troops, as we have argued before in these columns, are mandataries of civilisation pledged to restore order and maintain the interests of society in general, including the foreign residents, and the commerce of the islands. The insurgents have threatened Manila with a water famine, have cut it off from its natural sources of food supply, have done their best to wreck the one railway in the islands, and, favoured by the rainy season, have refused to come to terms. A great part of the American public seems never yet to have realised that there is a rainy season. It may be well not to attribute very great significance to the Congressional bye-election just held in Missouri. The constituency of the late Mr. Bland, chief of the Silverite champions years before William J. Bryan had been heard of, is probably so permeated with the heresies of the Young Democrats as to be an unsafe barometer of general politics. Still, the contest, we are told, was fought on the issue of expansion, and the Republicans suffered a crushing defeat. But the turnover of votes requisite to oust the Republicans in the more "pivotal" States is not enormous, and it may easily be stimulated by the current denunciations of the Government and of the generals for their inaction. And there are plenty of other indications that a large section of the American people would gladly see their country extricated, at whatever cost to the national honour, from the position into which she has been forced by circumstances, and from the mission which she is only less competent to carry out than ourselves.

There has been nothing in the reports from Manila during the summer which might not have been predicted by anyone who had given the slightest attention to the conditions of warfare in the islands; and the American difficulties might have been foreseen from the first both in regard to Luzon and to everywhere else. But the Manila correspondent of the *New York Herald*—a paper which always aims at reflecting whatever feeling appears to be dominant in America—has sent a most gloomy report, beginning with the Sulu Islands and ending with Manila. We remarked when American troops first went to the Philippines that the United States would come into contact for the first time since the conflict with the pirate powers of the Mediterranean at the beginning of the century with militant Mohammedans; and the trouble has already begun. The Sultan of Sulu declines to be conciliated, and objects to the presence of American troops anywhere but at Jolo; and we do not suppose any attempt will be made to overcome his resistance until matters are settled at Manila. But of the other islands the *Herald* has a gloomy report to give. The native officials are defiant or treacherous; the taxes are higher than under Spanish rule; the American administrators are unable to understand the language, and so their decisions are grossly unjust; Manila is in danger of famine; American rule hardly goes beyond its suburbs. All this might have been expected ever since last April by anyone who remembered that the season of travel in the islands lasts from November to the beginning of May, and that ricefields and jungle are not to be traversed by European troops under tropical rains. The resumption of hostilities must come in November, and then the pacific and agricultural section of the inhabitants will probably be led to see that their best interest is peace. It is to be hoped the American public will exercise patience till then. Ingenious and interested Continental counsellors are doing their best to relieve them of their burden. Happily, the suggestions to that end are ludicrously impracticable. We are not likely to exchange the islands for our West Indian possessions, as one Austrian publicist is good enough to suggest; and if we were, America has a sufficiently large negro vote on hand in the Southern States to hesitate to burden herself with the negroes of Jamaica—where constitutional government was quenched in blood a generation ago—or Barbadoes, or Trinidad. The German colonials might offer to purchase, but the natives would take German rule worse than American, and with reason. The only course before America is to subdue the islands, and then, if possible, to utilise the native and half-breed stocks as far as possible in the Civil Service; to effect a fair adjustment of the relations between the religious orders and their tenants, and to encourage a revival of that American commercial influence which once dominated the agriculture of Luzon.

The impatience of the American public may, we fear, be unduly stimulated by the action of their Government in Cuba. It is announced that a census will shortly be taken in that island which will serve ultimately, though not for some time, as the basis for an electoral system. We wish the experiment all success; it is in strict fulfilment of American pledges, but we do not suppose success can be achieved at first. If it fails, and if the Democrats of the newer type should come to the front, we shall have a revival of expectations and suggestions from interested quarters in Continental Europe. But we do not believe the American people will lose the chance of effecting a mission of civilisation, or leave their new possessions derelict, to be picked up and administered by Powers who do not even condescend to profess the smallest respect for democratic ideals.

THE REPUBLIC AND GENERAL MERCIER.

SPECULATION as to the result of the trial at Rennes is most indefinite. If there were any reason to believe that the judgment would be given according to the weight of evidence, there could be no two opinions about the issue. So little, however, are observers on the spot disposed to credit the tribunal with the capacity to decide the case on its merits that we have rumours of a compromise, by which Dreyfus is to be re-condemned and his friends to be appeased by "a light sentence." The Government, it is said, will be forced to take such a course by the unanimous sentiment of the Army. What the Government may do we will not predict; but that the friends of justice in France will be appeased by any hocus-pocus which assumes the guilt of an innocent man is a manifestly absurd idea. It has already been proved at Rennes that Dreyfus was the victim of a conspiracy, and his chief accuser, General Mercier, is a convicted rogue. After the disclosures of Captain Freystaetter and the confession of Colonel Maurel, it is plain that the first court-martial was duped by Mercier and Du Paty de Clam. Dreyfus was condemned on the false version of the Panizzardi telegram, on "Ce canaille de D——," which relates to somebody else, and on the lying commentary of De Clam which his accomplice has since destroyed. Colonel Maurel, who had sworn that he saw only one of

the secret documents, lied, for he actually showed them all to his fellow-judges, and pointed out that they were overwhelming proofs against the prisoner. Captain Freystaetter had no more idea that all this was grossly illegal than that it was infamously criminal; and it was not until he heard in Madagascar of Henry's forgery and suicide that he began to suspect the truth. Such are the safeguards of an accused French officer's honour, life, and liberty under the military system which is the pride of France.

Are the safeguards any stronger at Rennes than they were five years ago? It is idle to pretend that Colonel Jouaust is impartial. He constantly intervenes to save the Generals from damaging cross-examination. By the rules of French procedure the right to cross-examine is not recognised. No question can be put directly by counsel to a witness. The President of the tribunal puts the counsel's questions if he approves them. Colonel Jouaust frequently disapproves them when they are too pertinent to be relished by the prosecution. Maître Labori has been baulked of his prey again and again by this arbitrary obstinacy. The Generals, on the other hand, are allowed every licence. General Roget, who is a brazen intriguer, bounces up and makes speeches, calls his own witnesses, insults those of the defence, and scatters orders about the court, without the slightest molestation from his subordinate in the chair. M. Paul Meyer remarked, in the course of his testimony as to the handwriting of the *bordereau*, that in an English court M. Bertillon would have been declared insane. In an English court General Roget would be taken by the scruff of the neck and thrust into a cell. His manifest object is to browbeat the tribunal into hostility to the defence, and because he is a General whom his friends hope to see Minister of War some day, the judges listen to his insolences with meekness. He has no evidence; he simply repeats strings of notorious lies, whilst his comrade, General Mercier, furbishes up the old forgeries. The court-martial knows perfectly well that Mercier tried to smuggle into the secret *dossier*, through the medium of General Chanoin, another commentary by De Clam, reiterating the fabricated Panizzardi telegram which had done duty in 1894. Would any tribunal outside of France tolerate such rascality? There is nothing to show that the court-martial at Rennes even resents it!

The hope for Dreyfus is that at least three of the judges will prove as honest and fair-minded as Captain Freystaetter, and thus secure an acquittal. The danger is that the enormous military pressure will overpower every consideration save *esprit de corps*. M. de Freycinet went to Rennes and made a speech about discipline. The elementary idea that justice is more essential than discipline never occurred to him. He chattered about injurious attacks upon the Army. The only attacks which do any serious harm are made by the Mercier gang, who use the Army as a shelter for their crimes. Discipline is the most mischievous string to harp upon now, because the discipline argument really comes to this, that Dreyfus ought to be condemned for bringing his superior officers into discredit. Four out of the five Ministers of War who swore to his guilt, and denied that his first trial was illegal, took their cue from Mercier. Finding that he had shamelessly broken the law, they thought it necessary to screen him by opposing revision. Such is the effect of discipline upon men who held that the personal wrongs of Captain Dreyfus weighed nothing in the balance against the policy of hiding Mercier's infamy from the country. They were all prepared to acquiesce in the secret military trial of Colonel Picquart, who would certainly have been condemned on a lying charge if he had not been snatched from his persecutors by a civil tribunal. They saw nothing to regret in the desperate shifts of the General Staff to save Esterhazy, whom they knew perfectly well to be the author of the *bordereau*, and therefore the traitor who communicated the information specified in that document to a foreign agent. Discipline in this case means that the General Staff shall resort with impunity to every abomination rather than admit that the first judgment against Dreyfus was obtained by fraud, so as to save one traitor who has since cut his throat, and another traitor who has partly confessed.

The Waldeck-Rousseau Ministry cannot have any illusion as to the effect of a fresh conviction of Dreyfus upon public opinion, and upon the prospects of the conspirators against the Republic. The Republic, in a word, is at stake. Parties are so divided that the Dreyfusards are the only sure friends of the present *régime*, and every anti-Dreyfusard wants to upset it. Should the Generals win at Rennes, General Roget may not refuse a second time to march on the Elysée. A military dictatorship may be impossible by virtue of the incapacity or jealousies of the various candidates; but the Generals will be materially strengthened in their demand for the punishment of citizens who presume to describe them without exaggeration as a set of bandits. On the military side the Government will be urged to vindicate "the honour of the Army," which has been trailed through the filthy refuse of the secret *dossier;* and on the civil side they will be urged to prosecute General Mercier, who, by his own showing, is a malefactor. If they are resolute, this is the line they will take in any event. When the Rennes trial is over, Mercier ought to be arrested. That measure would restore some of the prestige the Government have lost by their lingering treatment of the madmen in the Rue de Chabrol. The prosecution of Mercier will be simplified, of course, by the acquittal of Dreyfus; but even if Mercier should triumph at Rennes, that will be all the stronger reason why the Government cannot afford to shrink from his challenge. His case will be that the Army has justified his action, forgeries and all, and that the law can have no hold on him, as the Army is above the law. To submit to such a monstrous pretension is to confess that the Republic is lost, and the civil authority trampled on and degraded.

ELECTRIC TRACTION IN LONDON.

THERE is one aspect of the problem of London railway management which in fairness ought not to be forgotten. The companies have to perform, especially in South London, duties which in America and elsewhere are not performed to anything like the same extent by the regular railroads. The vast suburban traffic has to be conducted almost entirely on the railways because, for various reasons, electric street traction has not yet been adopted in London. This is an unnatural state of things, and cannot be allowed to continue. We do not desire to inquire too curiously as to the causes. The principal cause undoubtedly is that the London County Council would not allow electric traction to be supplied by private enterprise, being determined that if anyone supplied it they would do it themselves. Whether they were right or wrong in this policy we do not propose to inquire. The question may now be

regarded as settled, at least for the present generation. Tramways in the county of London are to be owned and worked by the County Council, and, so soon as the present leases expire, by the County Council only. What we desire to enforce upon our Progressive friends is that they have assumed an enormous responsibility. They have taken the monopoly of the most effective discovery for promoting the health and happiness of the common people and reducing the exactions of the ground landlord which modern science has discovered in the last decades of the nineteenth century. If they use their power wisely they may make their monopoly the source of much profit to the ratepayers as well as advantage to the travelling citizen. But if, on the other hand, they show themselves unable to give the same effective service which private enterprise has given in other countries, the result must be the continuance of much avoidable human suffering and inconvenience, and the discredit, not merely of the Progressive party, but of the principle of municipal Socialism.

So far, we are bound to say, the County Council have accomplished absolutely nothing. They leased the northern tramways to a company without securing their conversion to electric traction, save on terms which deprive the company of all inducement to make the change. They have only been just shamed into permitting a short section of the western tramways to be converted. They have been in possession of the principal South London tramways since January without taking any effective steps towards a change of system. Most provincial municipalities, years before they are able to purchase their trams, promote Bills to enable them to be worked by electric power so soon as they are purchased. The County Council omitted to take this necessary step, though not usually backward in promoting Bills. It so happened that the London Tramways Company had obtained power to make experiments in electric traction, and the County Council, though they have not actually made an experiment, authorised expenditure on a special report. They selected a gentleman of respectable standing, but with no exceptional qualifications, to go to America, and he has returned with an inconclusive report. A short experimental line, partly surface contact and partly conduit, has now been decided on, and there, for the vacation, the matter ends. All this is simply playing with a great practical problem, involving the most important social issues. The survival of the horse tram in London is a disgrace to the city which of all towns in the world most requires rapid transit. The County Council seem to have no conception of the magnitude of the task. South London with its suburbs, leaving the north of the river entirely out of account, contains roughly 2,000,000 people. Dublin contains about a third of a million. In Dublin the conversion of the trams to electric traction began six years ago, and is now nearly completed. There will be in all about seventy miles of line, mostly double, the greater part of which is owned by a single company. If South London were equally well served there would be about 420 miles of electric tramway south of the Thames. This would involve an expenditure of some £8,000,000, apart from the cost of the present tramways, even if the dearest system be not adopted. Great street widenings are also inevitable. The expenditure would be remunerative, but it would unquestionably be large. It is by far the biggest question lying in front of the County Council. They have imposed the task upon themselves, and the sooner they tackle it in earnest the better.

The social advantages of having 420 miles of electric tramway in South London, if accompanied by necessary street widenings, cannot be exaggerated. On a double line of tramway a half-minute service at eight miles an hour, allowing for stoppages, is perfectly practicable. The cars can be built to carry sixty-five people without taking more space than the present horse-cars. This gives a carrying capacity on each of the main routes practically equivalent to a suburban railway. Whatever is lost in speed is made up in frequency of service. For instance, a man who lives ten minutes from a station must allow for an average wait of five minutes as well as his journey. The fifteen minutes would in most cases be reduced to half with electric traction, because the stopping places would be nearer than the stations and the service more frequent than on the railways. As a fact, the actual speed on Metropolitan railways, allowing for stoppages, does not in practice exceed twelve miles an hour. Thus the time from door to door would be shortened whenever the distance to be travelled does not exceed five miles. Transit would be made in addition much pleasanter and cheaper. Experience shows that, allowing for the high wages in London, a car of the size mentioned could be worked at 6d. per car mile, including wear and tear and all other direct and indirect costs of working, apart from interest on capital. The average number of passengers, even on an extended service, might safely be put at twenty-four. It would therefore be perfectly possible to make the standard fare a third of a penny per mile and still obtain an adequate return on the capital invested. This is a rate which cannot be approached by ordinary railways. The Dublin, Wicklow and Wexford, which used to get the greater part of the Dublin suburban traffic, has been extremely heavily hit by tram competition, and the same result may be expected at first in South London. But the companies' loss would be the public gain. The County Council can relieve the southern railways of the traffic which embarrasses them whenever they please. The new service would be especially valuable for working men and women. The railway system is constructed so as to converge upon the city, and is tolerably convenient for those engaged in commerce. But cross journeys are, and must always be, inconvenient, and the routes to be taken by working people, if they are not to frequently change their homes, must very often be cross routes, for manufacture is not concentrated as commerce is. If there were a proper network of tramways there need be no equal difficulty about cross journeys, for with a working cost of 6d. per car mile all sorts of permutations of route are possible which cannot be attempted at 3s. per car mile. The County Council can do more to facilitate the migration of working men to the suburbs than the railway companies could do, even if they would. We venture, therefore, to appeal earnestly to the County Council to be up and doing. The controversy between conduit and trolley is an idle and profitless dispute. Both systems are perfectly practicable. The conduit is more expensive, but expense is in Central London of slight importance. The real objection to the conduit is that it necessitates so much removal of pipes and consequent long blocking of streets. The true rule is that the conduit should be adopted wherever a subway for pipes can at reasonable cost be constructed at the same time. The future immunity of the pavement would then be some compensation for the initial inconvenience. As to the surface contact system, we are at a loss to understand for what reason or under whose advice the County Council have decided to try it in the town which of all others is least suited for it. Conduit or trolley it must be; let it be one or other quickly.

There is one further aspect of the question which should be grappled with at once. It will clearly be impossible ever to carry the tramways into the City. There must therefore be terminal facilities of a kind which have not been found necessary in those towns where there has either been a through service or a common terminus in a large central square. It will never be possible to work a proper South London service to the approaches to the four available bridges, and then bundle the people out in the present fashion. Some sort of terminal station off the road will be essential, and they should be arranged so as to conveniently connect with the network of underground electric railways now in course of construction. This is a question which should be grappled with soon, and it must not be faced in a cheeseparing spirit. So far as the South-Western approach is concerned it would be possible to make a continuation across Westminster Bridge and along the Embankment to the east side of Hungerford Railway Bridge. Thence the cars should be run underground through a tunnel of adequate size to a central station, which would naturally be placed in the area to be cleared under this year's Improvement Bill, and which would also form a point of connection with the North London tramways. If the new County Hall were to be built near this great central terminus London would have at one point a physical and a moral centre of municipal enterprise.

FINANCE.

STOCK MARKETS have been depressed this week owing to a large number of circumstances, first amongst which stood, of course, Mr. Chamberlain's speech at Highbury and the alarmist rumours from South Africa. Hitherto the City had persistently refused to believe that war was possible. Somehow or other, it said, an arrangement would be arrived at, and though President Kruger might procrastinate and might prove a very obstinate haggler, he would find a way to maintain the peace. This week, however, opinion has very materially changed. It is feared that, by refusing the joint inquiry, President Kruger has not only put himself in the wrong but has made it exceedingly difficult to find a way to come to an amicable arrangement. Consequently there was a general decline in prices, all the more because an optimist view was taken and some foolish operators bought Transvaal shares in considerable amounts. But though Mr. Chamberlain's speech and the alarmist rumours had naturally a very great influence, they did not stand alone nor did they fully account for the depression in markets at the beginning of the week. For about three or four months now there has been a large speculation in Western Australian mining shares, and in a great many instances there has been an extraordinary rise in prices. To a considerable extent the rise was justified by the extraordinary richness of some of these mines. But a good deal of the advance was due to mere speculation, and to speculation too by persons who had bought altogether beyond their ability to pay. One result was very high rates charged for carrying over purchases in the market. When the rise in rates did not stop reckless speculation the dealers began to complain that they were being endangered by impecunious speculators, who in fact were playing with their money. Accordingly the dealers made it extremely difficult to carry over purchases at the settlement which began on Monday. It was generally expected last week that this would be done, and there was, in consequence, a good deal of selling by the more cautious operators. Still the "bull" account was not sufficiently reduced, and this week in many cases there was a positive refusal to carry over accounts. The unsettlement of the Western Australian market naturally reacted on other markets, and helped to aggravate very considerably the unfavourable impression made by Mr. Chamberlain's Highbury speech and by the alarmist rumours from South Africa. Then, again, the steady rise in the premium on gold at Buenos Ayres unsettled the Argentine market and caused a fall. Ex-President Pellegrini is agitating for an attempt to fix the value of the Argentine paper dollar at about 2½ paper dollars for one gold dollar. It is said that he has persuaded President Roca to adopt his policy, and the result is a general popular opposition to the measure and a loss of confidence by the Government. Furthermore, as harvesting proceeds the stringency of the money market in Germany increases, and German holders are gradually selling all sorts of securities for which there is a market abroad; and, lastly the attempt to run up prices in New York broke down at the end of last week, and thus increased the effect of all the other unfavourable influences.

The rates of interest and discount in the open market have been, unfortunately, declining this week. It is to be regretted that the directors of the Bank of England have not intervened, for much further decline will probably lead to gold shipments. Even upon the Stock Exchange money has been freely lent this week at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum; and in the discount market bills have been taken at from 3⅛ to 3¼ per cent. The earnest efforts made by the Bank of England to strengthen its reserve have been attended with good results. All the gold arriving in London has gone into the Bank. And although the demand for coin for the interior continues exceptionally large, still a very handsome addition has been made to the reserve of the Bank of England. The outside market, seeing this, has begun once more to speculate for the fall. It is an unwise policy and an unfortunate one, and it is to be hoped that the Bank of England will intervene once more and will teach again a much-needed lesson. For the moment there is no demand for gold, either for Germany or for the United States. But every decline in the value of money in London makes the springing up of such a demand more and more probable, and if once the demand arises it is possible that the amount of gold taken may be uncomfortably large. At all events, it is the duty, not only of the Bank of England but of the joint-stock and private banks likewise, to act very cautiously at the present time, and to do everything in their power to prevent such a state of things as may lead to large shipments and consequently to apprehension throughout the City. Meantime the India Council continues very successful in the sale of its drafts. It offered for tender on Wednesday 40 lacs, and the applications exceeded 1,000 lacs. The whole amount offered was disposed of in bills at about 1s. 3 31/32d. per rupee. Next week 40 lacs will again be offered for tender.

THIS MORNING'S PAPER.

By A Mere Outsider.

SUNDAY.—The great game of bluff still goes on, and it cannot be said that it is played in such a way as to redound to the credit of the players. The latest move is Mr. Chamberlain's. His speech at Birmingham yesterday is distinctly disquieting. It is a response to the appeals of the Jingo party at the Cape, who raise cries of distress whenever they conceive it possible that a settlement may be reached without the peace being disturbed. If one were to judge merely by such utterances as Mr. Chamberlain's, and by the follies of the Boer Government, it would be difficult to resist the conclusion that war was practically certain. But amid all the alarming symptoms which are visible on every side there

remains the curious fact that the money market is not afraid, and that those who have substantial interests in South Africa pursue the even tenor of their way apparently undisturbed by all the portents of coming storm. It is certainly a curious and perplexing situation.

The exhibition of himself which M. Bertillon has made in the court-martial at Rennes effectually disposes of the pretensions of that gentleman to be regarded seriously as a man of science. His performance was that of a quack and a mountebank, and it is impossible to see how even the most stupid of soldiers could take it seriously. As for the generals and colonels, they are now giving each other the lie freely, and it becomes evident that other persons besides the redoubtable General Mercier ought to be prosecuted for perjury when the Dreyfus affair is at an end.

Monday.—The news from China is rather disquieting. It is true that the "incident" at Hankow passed off without any blow being actually struck. But it is a very ugly business when the guns of one of her Majesty's ships are brought to bear upon a Russian consulate, and we are certain to hear more of this business. The recollection of the fact that so much loose gunpowder is scattered about in that part of the world ought to make our Jingoes pause in their wild outcry for war in South Africa. Politicians at least must know that whilst Great Britain would be able without serious difficulty to overcome the resistance of the Boers, it would be nothing less than disastrous if, at a time when the flower of our army was locked up in the Transvaal, we were to find ourselves involved in a quarrel with some great European Power. Mr. Chamberlain in his present vein seems disposed to cry, "Come one! Come all!" But, fortunately for Great Britain, Mr. Chamberlain is not the sole master of our destinies at the present moment.

Tuesday.—"Drifting into war" is still the phrase that expresses the situation most accurately. Everything shows that the Boers are preparing themselves, in a spirit of sullen fatalism, to accept the worst. "Of what use is it to yield anything further? the more we yield the more we shall be asked to give," seems to be the opinion they have formed. Mr. Chamberlain, on the other hand, still smarting under the personal rebuffs he has received from Mr. Kruger, will not allow even the appearance of a concession to be made on our side; and so the probability seems to be that an unnecessary war will be forced upon us. It will be a heavy price to pay for Brummagem methods of diplomacy. One curious feature of the situation is the fact that one meets nowhere with anybody who wants the war or believes it to be necessary. Yet the country makes no sign as the vessel of the State draws nearer to the cataract.

The rain which fell yesterday has refreshed the face of Nature even in London; but a much heavier fall is needed in order to remove apprehensions as to the water supply of the metropolis.

Wednesday.—The drama at Rennes, if it has not reached its culmination, is clearly approaching the end. Now that the light of day has been let in upon the dastardly plot, and that we can see the beginnings of the vile intrigue of which Captain Dreyfus has been the victim, it might be thought that public confidence in the acquittal of the accused would be increased. But this, strange to say, does not seem to be the case. Everybody now knows that Dreyfus is innocent, and yet there is in this country a widespread fear that he will again be condemned "for the sake of the honour of the army." That there should be even the remotest fear of such a catastrophe throws a curious light upon French notions of "honour."

Although events continue to point to war as the outcome of the situation in South Africa, there is a somewhat more hopeful feeling to-day. It arises apparently from the fact that both in Austria and Germany efforts are being made to convince President Kruger of the folly of maintaining an attitude of stubborn resistance to the original demands of Sir Alfred Milner. If he would only agree to make a full and complete concession with regard to those demands, he might still avert war and preserve the internal independence of the Republic. His ardent desire to defeat the aggressive party at the Cape might surely induce him to take this line.

Thursday.—The death of Baron Grant recalls strange memories. So far as the great world was concerned, he might have been dead for nearly twenty years past. But although he lived only in a narrow circle in these later years, he was still active, and remained devotedly attached to his own family. He may be said to have been the forerunner of the new type of millionaire with whom English society has become painfully familiar of late. Not even Mr. Barney Barnato could rival the Oriental splendour in which Baron Grant sought to enshroud himself. No more lordly mansion than his huge house at Kensington was ever reared; but like the vast new house in Park Lane which was erected for Mr. Barnato, the palace at Kensington never received its original owner. On the other hand, nobody else ever had the courage to occupy it, and it had the unique distinction of being a house in which nobody ever lived. For one mad night of pomp, revelry, and dissipation its stately rooms were filled with all the smartest people of London, on the occasion of the ever-memorable "bachelors' ball." For that night something like a refined orgie prevailed within its walls. Then it was incontinently pulled down, and the site which it once occupied with its gardens and lake is now covered by the eminently respectable houses of Kensington Court. Baron Grant was no doubt answerable for a great deal of pecuniary loss and consequent misery; but he did things magnificently whilst the sun shone upon him, and some of his benefactions were of distinct advantage to the public.

Friday.—Again a slight improvement in the South African situation. But President Kruger will have to show great despatch in business if he is to prevent Mr. Chamberlain from making more angry speeches and the Jingoes at the Cape from pursuing their campaign against Mr. Schreiner. How keen is the interest taken in the crisis is amusingly illustrated by a long telegram I have received this morning from a gentleman in America of whom I never heard before. In this telegram, which must have cost several pounds for transmission, it is pointed out that the American Government are getting into trouble because they are wishing to prevent the Filipinos from managing their own affairs. Our Government, my correspondent declares, are doing the same thing with the Boers, and will get into trouble in consequence. The two cases are not exactly parallel, but it is clear that public opinion in the United States is not unanimous in favour of Mr. Chamberlain any more than it is in favour of Mr. McKinley.

I am glad to say that private advices from Rennes speak with increasing confidence of the likelihood of an acquittal of Captain Dreyfus. It is wonderful that there should be any doubt on the subject.

THE TOURIST IN IRELAND.

THE prolonged spell of fine weather has given Ireland a great chance for her reappearance as a tourist country. We say reappearance, for at the beginning of the Queen's reign, and even earlier, in spite of the difficulties of communication—it sometimes took a week in contrary weather for the "packet" to beat her way from Holyhead to Howth or to Dunleary—it was much more the fashion to travel in Ireland than it has been ever since until the present year. Those were the days

of "Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall," of Moore's Melodies, of the novels of "Gloriana," Sam Lover, and Charles Lever. In those days the subject of the latest Academy picture or the latest engraving exposed for sale in Bond Street was pretty certain to be a "Wild Irish Girl," or "An Arran Fisherman's Cabin," or a "Blind Piper," who played at a roadside, while his little black-haired daughter gazed wistfully into his vacant face, those plaintive Irish pipes which seem now to have passed away from rural Ireland in favour of the concertina. (Celtic enthusiasts are trying to revive them at the "Fin" competitions, and we have even heard of a Pipers' Club at Cork, which must assuredly be an extreme illustration of the vitality of hope!) What became of all that vogue which Ireland then enjoyed? We suppose the Famine rudely stopped it, as it did so many other Irish amenities. The Famine and the "troubled times"—'48 and '67 and the Land League—the prolonged agony of revolutionary strife which British neglect and misgovernment obliged Ireland to go through in order to obtain certain essential reforms—that kept away tourists. But now that era is over. Most of the reforms are on the Statute Book, and those which yet remain to be put there are likely to provoke interesting developments, which will only add to the attractions of the country for the intelligent visitor, rather than those fierce conflicts which do not suit the nerves of peace-loving citizens looking for rest. The tourist may now begin to go to Ireland again, and we are glad to hear he is beginning to go in his thousands. Last week was "Horse Show Week," Dublin's annual carnival *par excellence*, and it was the most brilliant on record. Not only was the gathering the most numerous, but—barring the fact that royalty was not present, as it was two years ago—it was the most distinguished. And there were foreign as well as British notabilities amongst the visitors, giving to Dublin a certain air of the European *grande monde* which it has hitherto lacked. The Marquise de Gallifet, for instance, and her son were guests of the Lord-Lieutenant at the Viceregal Lodge; so were the Duc d'Orléans's friends, the Duc and Duchesse de Luynes, and the Comte and Comtesse de Castellane, whose magnificent yacht *Valhalla* lay during the week in Kingstown Harbour. Indeed, that pretty harbour during the week was literally crowded with palatial steam-yachts, and the civic fathers of Kingstown are now talking of organising a great aquatic night-fête, on the plan of a Venetian carnival, for the benefit of such visitors next year. May Ireland's playful weather permit! The steamship and railway companies and the hotel-keepers declare that they never did such business as they are doing just now. Over six hundred passengers, we read, were landed from one train on Killarney platform last Saturday evening; and this rate of traffic, more or less, has been going on all through the month and as yet shows no signs of abating. The eastern, northern, and western lines tell a similar story. And these people, when they come back, almost invariably declare themselves delighted with their experiences of an island which is impregnated through and through with varied and subtle charm for all who frankly allow themselves to fall under the spell. Where, indeed, could an Englishman in search of change find a greater contrast to the life he ordinarily leads than he can enjoy here at his own doors within the pale of the United Kingdom? There is no port, even on the Continent, where the Englishman on his arrival is greeted with a more distinct evidence of being in a country foreign to him than hails him in Dublin in the shape of that national institution the "outside car." To experience the sense of unusualness, of liberation, of being away from the humdrum and daily grind at home which is given by the sight, much more by the use, of the Irish outside car—that strange vehicle which, with the Japanese 'rickshaw, you have to acquire the art of sitting on, but which, unlike the 'rickshaw, fills you, when you have acquired the art, with a sporting, daredevil recklessness to which you may have hitherto been a stranger—to experience this is alone worth a visit to Ireland. From his first drive through Dublin the charm begins. Dublin—with its varied and stately architecture, its wide streets, its green squares and parks in the midst of the business quarters, and the glories of its "Phaynix"—is one of the handsomest cities in the three kingdoms, and it possesses the unmistakable *cachet* of a metropolis. We fancy the Irish capital is something of a surprise to the average visitor from England.

Let him go on into the country among its beautiful scenery and its dreamy, witty, hospitable people—the most unlike English people of any in Western Europe—and his surprise and pleasure deepen. Now that he has discovered Ireland, the jaded Englishman, we believe, will oftener go to soothe his harassed nerves and purge his brain of sordid thoughts in her soft and mystic atmosphere. It is so easy now, with the splendid Kingstown mail-boats and the admirable services of the London and North-Western Company, to pass into that fairy-haunted country. You can leave London after dinner, and by noon be, say, by the lonely shores of Lough Derg or with the grouse among the fastnesses of the Wicklow mountains.

"THE PROBLEM OF FEMINISM."

THIS problem being very old, we are conscious of an inclination to apologise for raising it afresh. Happily, a handsome justification is to our hand. In pursuit of knowledge, we have been studying *The Humanitarian*, a monthly tome in which persons with impressive names discuss subjects of profound import. In the new number, for example, Lady De la Warr writes about "What we are and Whither wending." On that matter, soon we must to judgment go, we said to ourselves, looking over the Humanitarian bill of fare; but then our eye fell upon a theme and the name of a thinker whose joint impressiveness convinced us that our duty included the temporary neglect of Lady De la Warr. A gentleman named Professor Paolo Mantegazza must necessarily be more instructive about anything than an Englishwoman could possibly be about the whitherwards of our wendings. We glanced over his pages, and came upon a passage which sanctioned this *à priori* thought: "The greater and the less, the much and the little, the higher and the lower, the widest and the narrowest, are inevitably figures of speech; but they are rough and, we may add, even brutal indications of our judgments. They are archaic divisions in mathematics which come very late in the historical evolution of thought. And these signs spare us the fatigue of subtle analysis, and, loosening the knots that entangle us, sever the threads of the intricate study of the psychological skein lying in our hands." Golly! what a Professor! If the Problem of Feminism did not yield to an attack in force of this kind, the problem was certainly insoluble. Back to the beginning of the writing, therefore, we went to see what was the true inwardness of Mantegazzanation. Clearly there was some deep truth to be revealed. If only we could understand the Professor, who should say that we might not beat even the Women's Congress in the attempt to contrive means towards the Liberation of Woman? 'Twas an inspiring thought; but, it must be confessed, we went to work at it in the humble spirit of Lady De la Warr, hoping that some kindly light, superior to any knowledge of philology, would lead us through the encircling gloom of the Professor's metaphysics.

Happily, we had overrated the perils of our task. Professor Mantegazza, as a rule, is plain-

sailing almost to a fault. As a rule, there is so little possibility of mistaking what he wishes to say that we must leave some of his more drastic sayings unrepeated. "Feminism," he starts off by remarking, "is one of the many burning problems that trouble the mind of humanity." Woman is not in all respects the equal of man. She wants to be a doctor, a lawyer, a Member of Parliament; but she is not in all countries allowed to be a doctor or a lawyer, and is nowhere allowed to be a Member of Parliament. Her disqualifications engage the attention of Professor Mantegazza. Shelley, as the Professor notes, puts her suffering "in fine language":

Can man be free if woman be a slave?

Here it is our duty to defend Professor Mantegazza from the ruthless remark with which some Heavenly-Twins lady will be down upon the well-meaning Italian. She will point to the citation from Shelley as proof positive that any man who is willing to relieve women from slavery is merely moved by a selfish desire to make his own "bounds of freedom wider yet." The Professor has no such ulterior design. He might not seriously object to Medicine, the Law, and Parliaments being open to women; but he does not feel quite sure that any class of slaves is emancipated from slavery by being sent, or allowed to go, to work. Nevertheless, he does not wish to press the logical point. He has a dim feeling that at the back of the Woman's Movement there is a real thought that liberty to work in competition with men would mean the emancipation of women. He pauses to reflect, therefore; and then utters an *obiter dictum*. "We are almost always unjust," he says, "when we try to judge woman, because we see her through the iridescent prism of desire, or through the green glasses of rancour and repentance." There can be no doubt about that. Michelet said, "Woman is a religion." On the other hand, this is the view taken by St. Chrysostom: "Woman is a sovereign pest, the sharp spear of the Devil. By means of woman the Devil has triumphed over Adam, and has made him forfeit Paradise." Amid the conflicting testimonies, the Professor is rather at a loss as to his judgment, and has to fall back upon abstract considerations. "Whether is man or woman the more beautiful? Which of the two is the more intelligent? Can one love better than the other? Who should expect the first place? And have they not the right to sit side by side on the same platform?"

There's the rub; but Professor Mantegazza has slightly sophisticated it. We ourselves are always willing to sit side by side with a lady on the same stile or on the same staircase; but when we come to platforms 'tis another story. We have no happiness in being in her company there. Perchance she might discover herself to be a Bimetallist, or an anti-Burgher, or something else beyond the range of reason; and then there would be a coolness as the hansom cabriolet took us home. That would lead us disastrously back to the difficulty of Lady De la Warr as to what we were and whither wending. However, we have been seeming, for the moment, to be unjust to Professor Mantegazza. When he says "platform" he does not mean a platform as understood when Newcastle Programmes are in course of construction. A platform with him is not a thing of planks. He is a philosopher, not a publicist. "All these are questions," he says, "to which passion replies, and science hardly ever." It is only right that science should have a word, and the Professor says it with much solemnity. After all, the problem is, Are the sexes equal? This puzzles the Professor somewhat. Perceiving that women cannot fight as effectively as men, he admits that women and men are not equal in physical force, and consequently cannot admit that women have a right to be Members of Parliaments and contribute votes towards the declaration of wars in which they could take no part. In fact, equality all round, as demanded by Women's Congresses, seems to the Professor quite out of the question; and he is very unhappy over the fact that women do not see eye to eye with him. "The French Revolution," he says, "with its guillotine, dreamed, as it made the heads fall, of reducing everyone to a fixed height, and blazoned upon its banner 'Equality.' The judges inscribe upon their tribunals, 'The law is equal for all.' Yet Domitian was the brother of Titus; Dante and Victor Hugo—geniuses so widely apart—were born under the same conditions of life; and on the same tree, on the same branch, you will never find two leaves alike. Nature persistently proclaims in her Olympian voice: 'All is unequal. Equality is the Utopia of Utopias!'" Science, then, in the view of our Professor, does not give much encouragement to the Woman's Movement in what may be called its material aspect; but the Professor does not leave Femininty without a blessing. Perceiving that there really is a domain of life in which equality between the sexes is possible, he says, in one of his charmingly foreign sentences, "Equality cannot be equality of right, and should not be so with so much that is different, and with natures so different; but equality in dignity." There we have an ultimate and consolatory truth; but why does Professor Mantegazza depreciate its value by telling the story of the Quaker and the lady and the omnibus? The omnibus was full. The lady sought a seat. "She fixed her eyes finally on the Quaker, and looked hard at him. Then ensued the following short dialogue. 'Are you not a member of the Women's Rights Convention, which affirms that men and women are equal?' 'I am.' 'And you believe there is no difference between the sexes?' 'I believe it.' 'Very well, then: remain standing.'" That was a cruel Quaker; but he was a logician. If women really appreciate equality in the only domain of life in which equality between the sexes, with a large discount to the ladies, is possible naturally, they must have no cross-currents in their politics.

AFRICAN CANNIBALISM.

Place me on Afric's burning coast,
Whose swarthy sons in blood delight,
Who of their scorn for Europe boast,
And paint their very demons white.

WE do not know the source of this touching poem. The late Professor Freeman quoted it as "taught to him when he was little." He never had occasion to study Africa thoroughly, or he would not have failed to discover and combat the monstrous fallacies assumed therein. The genuine and typical African does not delight in blood; he does not (unless he is a liberated slave) boast of his scorn for Europe, or, if he does, it is from the same cause which sometimes impels Americans to the same course—a too thin-skinned regard for our good opinion. And in those cases where he does paint his demons white it is not necessarily, or primarily, for the reason alleged. Or does he likewise show contempt for Europeans when he whitens his face for purposes of disguise, as our own evil-doers blacken theirs?

We may be thankful for one thing, our anonymous poet does not (at least, so far as our knowledge extends) add cannibalism to his accusations. This practice does not seem to be so closely connected with the traditional idea of Africa as might be expected, considering its undoubted occurrence in that continent; but perhaps the popular mind (influenced in this, as in so many other matters, by the popular poet) associates it exclusively with an insular habitat. But here, as elsewhere, it presents a whole series of problems to those who care for such.

The first conclusion which a careful survey of the facts seems to warrant is that cannibalism is *sporadic* in Africa, and that it has arisen from different

causes in different parts, so that it does not seem possible to argue from the practice of one cannibal tribe to that of another. Some eat human flesh as a ceremonial observance, as would seem to be the case in some parts of the West Coast. Secret societies, such as the "Human Leopards," much talked of at Sierra Leone some three years ago, make it part of their cult. The Sherbro' case, which, as a writer at the time remarked, "seemed to be connected with fetishism," is one in point—and not an isolated phenomenon. Other tribes have taken to cannibalism in times of famine. In both cases it may happen that a taste is acquired, and the practice continued when the occasion for it no longer exists. But this does not affect the fact of the distinct origin.

The "Amazimu" of Natal are a well-known example of famine-induced cannibalism. Their very name has now become a kind of mythical horror, but they were real enough. "Not long ago" (the quotation is from Colenso's "Zulu-English Dictionary") "there was a great famine in Natal through a long drought, and Umdava, chief of the Ama Mbambo, told his people to scatter themselves, and go over the veldt, and catch all the people they came upon in the paths to serve as food. They did so, and those people lived on human flesh till the time for the crops came round; but then they did not choose to leave their cannibalism, for they were now used to human flesh, and liked it better than beef." Other accounts attribute the famine to Tshaka's wars, which would be somewhat earlier than Umdava's time. In any case, the cannibals seem, when the country became more settled and they were no longer able to indulge their tastes with impunity, to have fled to the gorges and caves of the Drakensberg, the survivors being eventually extirpated or induced to give up the practice by the great Basuto chief, Moshesh, called by the Zulus Umshwetshwe. There is, or was recently, still living, at Table Mountain, Natal, a very old chief of the name of Nomsimekwana, who, when a small boy, was captured by the Amazimu, and marched away with them to be slaughtered. They reached the Umsindusi, and the child, watching his opportunity, sprang into the water, and contrived to remain under the surface so long that the cannibals concluded him to have perished, the river being then infested with *izimvubu* (sea-cows), and passed on.

The word *ama-zimu* is evidently the same as the Sesuto *ma-dimo* (sing. *le-dimo*), and appears in some way to denote a supernatural being. *Mo-dimo* (Sesuto pl. *Me-dimo*) means an ancestral spirit, and is the word used by missionaries as the name of the Deity. *Um-zimu*, in Zulu (to be distinguished from *i-zimu*, pl. *ama-zimu*, an ogre or cannibal), has somewhat of the same signification; and in Mang'anja, Swahili and other languages *mzimu* is the word for "a spirit." The Rev. Emile Rolland says that "the connection between *le-dimo* and *mo-dimo* is not very obvious," and that no explanation hitherto offered is satisfactory, though something may be said for the view that "cannibals were so called on account of the supernatural terror they inspired." It is to be noted that the Basuto also use the expression, *maja batho*, "eaters of men," two words which can be traced through all the Bantu tongues as clearly as "moon" or "cow" through the languages of the Aryan family. Emin Pacha, writing of a far-distant part of Africa, says: "For cannibals—who are known by the general name of *valia bantu* (eaters of men)—there exist special terms, strangely enough, both in Kinyoro and Kiganda; in the former, *msseri*, in the latter *mluggu*. Does this point to the actual existence of this custom?"

We may remark that the Mang'anja language—spoken through a large extent of country on both sides of the Shiré, and the shores of Lake Nyasa—does not seem to contain a special word for cannibals. The term *o-diera-antu* (in full *a-ku-diera antu* = "those-of-eating men"—*diera* being a derivative form of *dia* = eat) is associated with witchcraft, and frequently employed in the sense of "bogies." Wizards (*afiti*) are supposed to dig up and eat the corpses of the dead. Some tribes believe that they have the power of changing themselves into hyenas for this purpose. When a person is accused of having bewitched and caused the death of another the idea seems to be that it was done in order to feed on the corpse. We have a vivid recollection of a conversation with Chipanga, a native of the West Shiré district. "Mandauka is dead," said Chipanga, telling the news. "Champiti made him drink *mwavi*." "And why?" "Because he was *wo-diera-antu*"—which, on further questioning, turned out to mean that a daughter of Champiti's had died suddenly, and Mandauka was supposed to have bewitched her. An amusing illustration of the idea in another aspect is afforded by the lively horror manifested by native children at the sight of a small oil-painting in our possession—the portrait of a late French mathematician, whose work in the higher branches of the science has made him well known to a limited circle. "Please take away that white man—he is terrible (*ku opsya*); he is an eater of men!" No detailed explanation was ever forthcoming; the only point we could gather was that the flowing grey hair and beard of the venerable *savant* conveyed a general impression that he was "no canny."

This kind of cannibalism is closely connected with a were-wolf superstition. The wizard leaves his house by night in the shape of a leopard or a hyena, kills and devours, and, next morning, having resumed his proper form, is quite unconscious of what he has done. M. Henri A. Junod ("Les Ba-Ronga") says that the Delagoa people believe that the souls of wizards (Baloyi) leave their bodies at night, kill their victims with poisons, inoculate them with diseases, or afflict them with nightmare. Nothing is said about their assuming the shapes of animals, but "d'après les uns, ces *baloyi* volent avec de grandes ailes, et un homme de Chirindja me disait qu'on les entendait passer au-dessus des sentiers dans l'obscurité." Old Silimani, the leper, who used to occupy a hut on the mission land at Blantyre (perhaps does so still), had much the same experience as the man of Chirindja. In any case, "les *baloyi* sont avant tout des mangeurs d'hommes; c'est pour se procurer de la chair humaine qu'ils accomplissent ces ténébreuses pratiques."

A ghastly story that was current in the "B. C. A." Protectorate, with regard to the death of Makanjira, the Yao slaving chief, in 1894, proves nothing, even if true, as to the prevalence of the custom. It was said that the coast men (Swahilis) taunted Makanjira and his people with eating men, and that he, saying he was going to kill an ox, invited them to come and feast, and, after the banquet was over, retaliated by informing them that they were the cannibals. The flesh set before them was that of two men just killed in battle—ταῦτα μὲν λέγουσι, at least—as Herodotus says.

Personally, we very much doubt the prevalence of cannibalism as a recognised institution anywhere south or east of the Manyema country. In the latter, and among the Upper Congo tribes, it would seem to be in full force. The late Colonel Coquilhat, a competent observer, who lived for some years among the Ba-Ngala, vouches for it in their case. He does not attribute to it any ceremonial significance, and thinks it unlikely that the people were driven by famine to eat each other—unless they began over four centuries ago, and, like Umdava's people, continued it because they liked it ("Sur le Haut Congo," p. 273). But one cannot help thinking that the wars and slave-raids, which have so long harassed that unhappy region, may have helped to perpetuate the custom; also that a certain amount of responsibility attaches to Europeans who employ Manyema porters and let them victual themselves.

Fetish cannibalism is another matter. It is not an accidental or isolated fact; it is part of the general ethnological problem presented by the "Negro" peoples of Upper Guinea. It is by a

curious irony of fate that these tribes, who seem to represent, in many ways, an altogether exceptional development, should so often be taken as typical Africans. Here we find what elsewhere is conspicuous by its absence—a priestly caste, an elaborate mythology, idols, and a ritual including human sacrifice and other practices recalling ancient Babylon and Phœnicia. It is a question whether these people belong to the "Bantu" race or not; some hold that the "Bantu" are a cross-breed of them and some other. They differ considerably among themselves; and if their languages are related, the relationship has yet to be proved, so that cautious inquirers term them provisionally a "group" and not a "family." But what it is—whether the unwholesome exhalations of the Niger Delta, or the fact that the Coast ("*the* Coast" *par excellence*) was for three centuries the hunting-ground of slavers and the receptacle for the worst rascaldom in Europe—that is responsible for Dahomey "customs," and the ju-ju of the sharks at Bonny, and what someone compendiously calls "the worst development of fetishism," has yet to be determined. A. Werner.

IT PAYS TO BE FUNNY.

It has become almost an aphorism that a great "life's work" is seldom a financially prosperous occupation. Few men who have devoted all their energies and abilities to some serious undertaking for the bettering of their kind have had their reward during their lives. But many a man with a small gift of humour or whimsicality has made a comfortable living out of casual intermittent work. It may take a clever man to play the fool, though the learned divine would scarcely approve if one propounded the doctrine that a man's income is proportionate to his brains. For it is certain that Little Tich, for nightly falling over his own toes in big boots, drew a larger salary than the most eminent preacher in the country. A few years ago he was fooling to the tune of about half a guinea a minute—three short turns a night producing no less than £120 a week. Many an earnest young curate, who is slaving his life away in the slums of our great cities in the endeavour to improve his fellow-men, has to work for two years to earn the amount that an Arthur Roberts receives for a week of six performances—£100. Corney Grain used to ask—and get—as much for an afternoon's entertainment as has often been paid for the sole rights of some great treatise that has taken years to produce; while George Grossmith used to be, and probably still is, liable to pay a larger income tax than the most learned judge on the bench. Even if one compares the serious and the jocular sides of the same profession one finds that it is the buffoon who commands the largest share of filthy lucre. Lottie Collins, when she used to leap about the stage shouting "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay," was drawing a salary that must have made the mouth of any tragedienne in England water with envy. As with the players, so with the plays. If one casts back in one's memory for financially successful works, it is not works like *Michael and his Lost Angel*, or *The Broad Road*, that occur to one at once as leading to fame and fortune. No; it is those of the type of *Charley's Aunt*, *The Private Secretary*, *Our Boys*, *A Night Out* which have produced the standing examples of prosperous theatrical speculations.

Monetary success may be no gauge of merit; the public may be at fault and of bad taste; good work may be such that it can never appeal to the popular instincts. All these things may or may not be true; they have no bearing on the question. The point is that it pays to be funny, that a very little mirth is appraised by the bulk of the population higher than much erudition; that buffoonery is considered more to be desired than much fine gold. It is true not only of the stage and of mummers, it applies with equal force to authors and their books. Of all Dickens' works, it is the Pickwick Papers which has been the most profitable to his publishers. Josh Billings used to get five dollars each for his one-line sentences. "Mr. Dooley in Peace and War" gave Mr. Sheldon a year's start, and has already caught him in the race for popular favour. Mark Twain's books reached far deeper into the public pocket than probably any other set of works of one author during a similar period, even though Mr. Clemens may not now be a rich man. The masses know of Lowell as the author of the "Biglow Papers," and Tom Hood as a punster poet. It may be painful to those of us who appreciate literature to realise the fact, but fact it is, that "Three Men in a Boat" reaped a more golden harvest than any of the carefully written thoughtful problem novels which succeeded it.

If one turns from the literary to the graphic arts one finds the same thing. Whilst hundreds of earnest artists are starving in their studios, doing work of the very highest artistic merit, B.T.B.'s and F.C.G.'s and Gelett Burgesses are deriving princely incomes from three-minute line sketches with a twist of fun and little sense of drawing in them. Even if one takes the very leaders in serious art, it is doubtful if they are as highly paid per diem for their work as are the really capable humorous illustrators. The mere fact that a man is financially prosperous in his career does not for a moment preclude his being a true artist in his work, any more than his being, commercially speaking, a failure proves him to be wanting in talent or even in genius. Many a humorist has been an artist "to the finger-tips" in his profession, has produced work of genuinely sterling—and often of surpassing—merit. Chevalier, on the music-hall stage, as a student of low life; Phil May and Dana Gibson, E. T. Reed and Dudley Hardy, in the ephemeral press, as draughtsmen; W. S. Gilbert, in the lightest form of opera, as a librettist; F. M. Allen, Barry Pain, and many others, in the most transitory branch of letters, as writers of fiction—all these, to deal only with the immediate present, are men, of course, whose work has value for its artistic qualities. But this does not overcome the fact that all of them have met with a monetary success far greater, have come to the front far quicker, have found a more ready demand for their wares than they would, in all probability, have done had their gifts been of a less humorous nature; than others of equal ability, but devoting their talents to the serious branches of the various callings, have done.

Although to think that such things be may sadden the philosopher and cause the disappointed preacher to utter his monotonous, unsympathetic cry of "Vanity, vanity," yet the more broad-minded will look upon the fact and see that it is good. After all, in this vale of tears, man has enough of solemnity and suffering and sadness from which he cannot escape, without his kind devoting their energies and their talents to increasing the serious aspect of things and dilating on their pathos. And we are prepared to reward those liberally who, if only momentarily, can cause us to forget our sorrows and our cares. Such a one deserves well of his fellows, merits our highest appreciation. His "Eat, drink, and be merry" may be a less sound doctrine than the Hermit's "Memento mori," but it is an infinitely more human, if not indeed humane, tenet. It eases the weary and comforts the downhearted; it brings brightness and happiness to many a sunken cheek; makes many a tear-tired eye to twinkle—and who shall say that these things are not more to be counted for righteousness than breaking the bruised reed with an overweight of portentous and depressing solemnity? If we could look into the homes and hearts of the great masses, and see which has done the more good, which has helped the greater number to rise up and go on bravely and cheerfully with the struggle, which has the more brought out the good

qualities in men and helped to smooth over the rough places, we might even come to suspect that it is Punchinello and not the Preacher to whom we should ascribe the honour. And it is well that he should reap his reward.

DURING THE NIGHT.

I HAVE an affinity for awkward predicaments, and to submit to what is popularly known as an "experience" is—if not exactly my daily lot in life—my very frequent fate. For the one that I am about to describe I paid half-a-crown. The sensations that that half-a-crown brought to me were in excess of what I had anticipated, and strained every nerve in my body. Yet I am not a fool, and no one is in his own estimation.

'Twas a November day—the time nine o'clock in the evening. I was in a London street, and had just viewed to my satisfaction a bow window, in which was hung up a card with "Apartments to Let" printed upon it. With the knowledge that I wanted a bed for the night, and with the card before me, what could be more natural and within the ordinary lot of man than to ascend the flight of steps that lay before me, knock, ring, enter and secure a bed for half-a-crown, paid in advance. To my mind there was such a plethora of vulgar incident in this that I remember the transaction but dimly. That I was received by a landlady (she was middle-aged, I think), and escorted by her to a comfortable bedroom on the second floor; that I was left there with pen and ink; that I called for some writing paper, and was waited upon by a girl, who said that she would ask her father for some; that when she had brought it to me I wrote several letters, and afterwards went to bed—all this is fixed vaguely in my memory by its similitude to many another night that I have passed under a hired roof. Then there comes a blank, which grows into memory again with the lugubrious sound of a prolonged howl—a dog's.

It was dark, so dark that the curtained window of my room offered but the faintest suggestion of the fog-swathed light without. Again and again the oppressive silence and heavy gloom around me were intensified to my semi-consciousness by the howl without dying down to a whimper, to extinction. A nervous feeling took possession of me, and fed upon the darkness. I sat up in bed, and drew a long breath to free myself of its incubus. What was there foul with the night that it came so heavily to my lungs! For the moment I was puzzled; but only for the moment. And then, half-suffocated, I ejaculated, "It is gas; there is an escape of gas!"

With a wave of my arm, I threw the bed-clothes to one side, and with an eager leg placed a foot to the floor. Then I stood up, and hesitated. Should I ring, should I call? "No," I muttered to myself, as I reflected that it was more than probable that the servant would strike a match in coming to my assistance. Besides, the escape was perhaps in my room. A step and a grope would tell me. I felt cautiously. No! the tap was as it should be.

Then thought lapsed into instinct, and action supervened. I crept quietly to the door and turning the key in its lock with the caution of a thief, and drawing the door into the blackness of my room, faced the blackness that vaster lay outside it. Gently, gently, with a hand touching a cold wall, I crept onwards and to my left. My fingers were caught by a projection; they passed it by, and sank into a hollow—'twas a door. I turned the handle, and whispered gently but distinctly through the now half-opened door, "It's I, Mr. Snipe, the lodger. Don't strike a match. There's an escape of gas. The house is full of it. Are you there? Do you hear? There's an escape of gas——?"

No answer, but again the dog howled, and again I felt a nervousness come over me as I entered the room to feel for the bed, and found it—empty. In and out of the walled blackness, to another room and another—empty. Then up the stairs, to right and left, and back again—nobody.

Down and down through the darkness, the ghost of light in a hall glass, with here a stumble and there a stumble—to the basement, warm and odoriferous with kitchen odours tainted with gas. Verily—I and only I was in the house. Suddenly the dog ceased to howl, and I heard the dripping of a water-tap—drip, drip, drip. And with the fall of the water came to me a measure of time, and I thought again: "What does it mean, this empty, black house? Why is this stifling gas seething around me, and *only* me? Ah! there is a foul evil in the night—away and out, *out* of the house!"

With a rush, I fought my way up step and step to the hall above, and groped towards the dim light shining pallidly through a narrow glass window above the door. "Will it be locked?" I thought fearfully to myself. "Is there not something following on my track?" I turned the handle, and pulled it fiercely towards me. The door yielded, and I rushed into the open.

"Anything wrong, sir?" and with the words came a broad flash of light which, settling momentarily on my face, dropped as quickly to my bare feet and back again. "Anything wrong, sir?" and the voice drew closer, the light flashing past me into the dark hall behind. Then the outline of a helmet and cloak loomed darkly upon me, and I found my voice in the presence of a constable of the law.

"Yes, the house is full of gas, and—they've gone. I might have been suffocated; perhaps they wanted to suffocate me. I don't know—I——"

"Who've gone? What's their name?" the constable interrupted abruptly.

"The landlady—the landlord—the daughter. I don't know their names, but look here, constable," and I proceeded to give my late "experience" to him in a woof of words.

The man evidently did not know what interpretation to place upon either me or my story (and small wonder, I hardly knew myself), but, extinguishing his lantern, proposed that we should re-search the house together. This we did carefully and cautiously. At the initial stage of our exploration we, or rather he, discovered that the hall gas-burner was turned on full and the gas issuing from it at a high pressure. "Might have been blown out by the draught," suggested the constable as he turned into a sitting-room, which I had already searched, and threw open its windows to sweeten the atmosphere. "Yes, it might," I assented, "especially if they left by the hall door, which, by-the-by, was unbolted when I came downstairs."

But to make a long story a short one—there *was* nobody in the house. Not a living thing, with the exception of a dog chained up in the back-yard, which was surrounded, so far as we could see, by high walls. This was the poor brute whose mournful howling had first aroused me, and that now seemed frantic with joy at the delusive prospects of a social termination to his gloomy reflections. With the discovery of the dog and the yard our search ended, and the constable intimated to me that he should summon additional assistance. A shrill call on his whistle—from the hall door—translated the decision into action, and with the arrival of another constable upon the scene, I was called upon for a fresh explanation. The second official head threw no more light upon the case than the first, but offered a suggestion—"Let's knock up the neighbours, p'r'aps they know summat about it."

To the right and back, and then to the left, went that constable. Rat-a-tat, tat-a-tat! went the knockers. Up went windows, out came heads. "Who's there?" "What d'ye want?" "What d'ye say—who's my neighbour? What neighbour—what d'ye mean?" And then doors opened, and other doors caught the infection, and they opened;

in short, there was a pretty "to do," and a half-dressed crowd soon shivered around the steps of No. 113. I was quite harried with their questions. I had no sooner arrived at the end of one series than I was plunged into another. I had no sooner satiated one individual's desire for knowledge than I was called upon to feed someone else. Whether my brain and my temper would have stood the strain for very long I can't say, but I may add that this is a difficult question to propound, even to myself. Happily I was extricated from the unpleasant situation by being led off to the nearest police-station to be detained there pending further inquiries, as the result of those just made showed the existence of a local caste feeling which took no note of the existence of the occupants of No. 113, and it appeared well to the "Force" under these circumstances to hold me fast for the present.

At the station, I told the inspector on duty all about myself quite like a little boy. But he did not appear satisfied, and muttered some word to himself that sounded to me like "suspicious," and which resulted in my seclusion. It was but temporary, as the result of the further inquiries proved satisfactory—to me, that is to say. This was what they proved: That my landlady, my landlord, and their daughter had left the house No. 113, and had left it in the night. That they had left it in the night because they were in debt for their furniture (which was hired) and for their rent, and because, presumably and by the evidence of certain tradesmen, they possessed no money to settle those vulgar claims.

To them my half-a-crown, paid in advance, had been half-a-crown, at least so (again) it was presumed, for their whereabouts was never traced.

NEIL WYNN WILLIAMS.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"THE EXTRAVAGANCE OF UNDERGRADUATES."

DEAR SIR,—I have read with great interest "M.'s" description of modern University life in your last number. But I am puzzled. Is "M." really satirising the modern University novel, or is that class of novel the sole source of his (or her) information? Will "M." kindly explain and satisfy one who has the honour to subscribe himself, dear Mr. Editor,

28th August. AN ORIGINAL SUBSCRIBER.

SIR,—I read with surprise and disgust your article headed "The Extravagance of Undergraduates"—surprised that it should appear in THE SPEAKER, disgusted at its gross inaccuracies and the virulence of its tone.

It gives a picture of Oxford as she might appear in a nightmare, certainly not as she is in real life. "M." seems to be under the delusion that Oxford is entirely composed of the "pitiable young fools" he complains of; possibly this is the only type of undergraduate with whom he is acquainted. Moreover, I fail to conceive how anyone can really believe that young men of more or less average intelligence condemn all their fellow undergraduates who happen to possess the virtue of industry or who are not overburdened with riches. I venture to say that now, if ever, a man is judged by his contemporaries solely on his merits as a fellow citizen.

Here are two out of the many inaccuracies which meet the eye. First, "M." states that "to be in the foundation of your college is to be outside the pale of society." Yet a scholar of New College, whose name has recently appeared among the first class in "Greats," was perhaps the most universally popular member of his college. Secondly, "M." makes the astounding assertion that it is considered a disgrace to attain "Honours." As members of Balliol and of New College are at least bound to try for Honours, the attainment of them cannot possibly bring discredit on the culprit's college. Again, I read in "M's." article: "Some men still hunt, but more merely ape a horsey appearance, and judge a companion's sporting capabilities by the cut of his covert coat." The inaccuracy of this statement can be proved by the testimony of the Oxford livery stable keepers, and by the increased number of the followers of the 'Varsity drag-hounds. Above all, far fewer undergraduates hunt in pink than formerly, therefore dress is not the only aim of the Oxford sportsman.

But "M." surpasses himself when he assures us that he sees a resemblance between the prosaic dress of the present-day undergraduate and that of a girl in her first season. The comparison is surely hard on the *débutante*, and furnishes a further proof of "M.'s" mental delirium.—I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

AN OXFORD UNDERGRADUATE.

28th August.

SIR,—Will you kindly allow me a little space for the expression of an opinion concerning the article entitled "The Extravagance of Undergraduates" in your last issue?

Of the life at our Universities in the 'fifties I only know by hearsay, and the account of the author of the article *may* be correct, though it requires much faith to believe that any man who "read—and read hard" could also spend his evenings over cards, go to bed at half-past ten, and attend an early meet next morning!

But of undergraduate life in the 'nineties I, though a mere average undergraduate, speak from personal knowledge, and I assert that the statements of "M." are exaggerated and false. I shall not go into details; the mis-statements are too numerous and gross. But any undergraduate of recent times who does not happen to have belonged to the very limited and vicious set with which alone, it would appear, "M." was acquainted, will agree that that set does *not* represent average 'Varsity life, is *not* really respected in any decent college, and emphatically does *not* set the tone of the place. If "M's" article is not "extravagance" the word has no meaning.—I am, Sir, yours, etc.

A CAMBRIDGE UNDERGRADUATE OF THE 'NINETIES.

Union Hospital, Crumpsall, August 29th.

VANDALISM BY A COUNTY COUNCIL.

SIR,—Everyone interested in local antiquities will feel gratitude for your sympathetic paragraph on the destruction of the mediæval portion of Swarkestone Bridge. The Hon. Frederick Strutt has now replied on behalf of the County Council by a letter in *The Times*. He regards the question from a utilitarian point of view. The bridge required strengthening to endure the strains of modern traffic, the twelfth century founders and the builders of later portions not having had the foresight to make it fit for the transit of locomotives. If no protest had been made early this year, the bridge would long since have been shorn of its interesting architectural features; but in response to this check the committee have attempted to balance the historical and artistic claims against these less sentimental demands, and when such incommensurables are weighed together the result may be foreseen.

Ancient buildings, sacred or secular, are held in trust by each generation for those to come, and no century has the right to adapt them to its particular needs at the expense of such alterations as destroy or deface them as antiquities. To ask that a bridge which has stood for six and a half centuries the kind of work for which the founders intended it should now be utilised for new purposes altogether, is surely asking for dividends where no capital has been invested. What would be said of a railway company that proposed to carry a line along the top of Wansdyke? What would be thought of an architect who remodelled a twelfth-century church merely because it was too small and inconvenient for a city congregation? With a few judicious repairs, and restoration in one or two spots, particularly with some strengthening of the foundations, Swarkestone Bridge might for another term of centuries have performed the same work as hitherto. If a road for locomotives were needed, then a new causeway should have been built, unless the old could have been refitted by means of concrete or girders; and the old arches, so beautiful and unique, should have been transported to a place of safety. The difficulty is simplified by the circumstance that the bridge proper is not in danger; it is only the causeway across the water-meadows that requires strengthening. But the attitude of the County Council appears to be one of callous indifference.

Anyone who has not seen Swarkestone Bridge may obtain an idea of the character of the mediæval work from Mr. G. D. Leslie's beautiful picture in this year's Academy, entitled "The Peaceful Highway, 'Hallowed by Six Centuries of Quiet Usefulness'"; and of the extent of it from a story of the times of the Napoleonic terror, when, it is said, a squad of train-bands were being marched across the flooded Trent, which comes down past Swarkestone like a sea, and when they were half across and saw the northern shore recede, they shouted with much emotion, "Good-bye, Old England."

There is no essential difference between our feeling for ecclesiastical antiquities and for those of another kind, since the mere fact that a building has been used for worship does not save it from the hand of improvement if it possess neither beauty nor antiquity. And so the value of Swarkestone Bridge differs in degree alone from that of a church or cathedral, and its custodians hold the same kind of responsibilities as deans and incumbents. We fling contumely on seventeenth-century iconoclasts, and on the churchwardens and other beautifiers of the

eighteenth, but what name will the future have for the era that has lost for them, or suffered to be destroyed, a few such trifles as the Falls of Foyers, Stonehenge, and Swarkestone Bridge?—Yours faithfully,

E. A. Baker, M.A.

Derby.

AT NIGHT.

THROUGH leafless woods the shrill wind creeps
To one grey stream below the hill;
Under the dark and starlit sky
My soul is sighing for you still.

Come, with the yearning in your eyes
Of daffodils and buds of spring,
With summer skies, or fiery sheaves—
Come with the first young birds that sing!

'Mid glimmering sheep-folds wrapt in sleep
To-night the tinkling bells are dumb;
Though leagues of earth between us lie
To-night I wake, and you may come.

Lily Thicknesse.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

A Field for Romance.

SAYS Sir Thomas Browne in his "Hydriotaphia": "How the Romans left so many coins in countries of their conquests seems of hard resolution." It is indeed, and one writer has gone so far as to observe, from the enormous quantities of coins scattered up and down England, that the Romans must have spent most of their times in losing money. A hoard of as many as 3,077, for instance, was found at Evenley, near Brackley in Northamptonshire, in 1853. Browne goes on to suggest that "they buried them underground when, upon barbarous invasions, they were fain to desert their habitations in most parts of their empire, and the strictness of their laws forbidding them to transfer them to any other uses." No doubt this will explain many treasure-troves. The other day, digging in a hillside above the Wye, some workmen broke with their picks into amphoras crammed with denarii; and it is tempting to imagine the Roman commander burying his legionaries' pay for months to come before leading them upon an expedition against the Welsh marches, from which no straggler ever returned to disinter the hoard. But this explanation, though it may suit many cases, may easily be overworked. As a matter of fact the Roman legions did not pack up in face of their enemies and quit Britain in a hurry. They were recalled—and perhaps more gradually than it is the fashion to suppose—because they were wanted to resist the forces threatening the Empire nearer home. "It is likely," writes Mr. J. Meade Falkner in his History of Oxfordshire (Elliot Stock), "that the awful significance of the event passed unrecognised. It is true that chroniclers writing long afterwards tell tales of the inhabitants passionately entreating the legionaries not to desert them, and of the soldiers leaving patterns of their weapons and armour, and bidding those left behind imitate their arms and be of good cheer; but they wrote in the light of subsequent events, and even if some had vague misgivings, the general life of the south part of the island went on exactly as usual for a considerable time."

The Roman occupation had lasted 350 years. Let us try to realise this. Three hundred and fifty years ago America had but lately been discovered; the Spanish Armada had not yet been defeated; and Edward VI.'s spiritual advisers were engaged in compiling the Liturgy over which our own spiritual advisers are still wrangling. Altogether three hundred and fifty years is a very long time, and, perhaps, when we happen to think of the Roman occupation of Britain we scarcely realise how long. Well, among the books which await writing the one I am anxious to see is that which shall reconstruct for us the peaceful life of the Roman settlers towards the close of this time, the homes they built, and the manner of men they were.

"The supinity of elder days hath left so much in silence, or time hath so martyred the records, that the most industrious heads do find no easy work to erect a new Britannia." Yet with the scanty records and the actual evidence scattered up and down the country I think that, given an artist with the right gift of imagination, the right power to guess the unseen from the seen, a great deal might be done. It is a picture I want: not a Bekker's "Gallus," but a picture such as Pater gave us in the early chapters of "Marius." Either the home-life of the Romans has been quite peculiarly fortunate alike in the writers who have depicted it of set purpose and those who have thrown light upon it by passing hints and phrases only, or it had a graciousness, a genial atmosphere of its own, shared by no other race. I believe the latter to be the truth, and that much of this genial atmosphere clung about Roman life even under our northern skies; that it took with it and preserved much of the amenity which delights us in Pater's description of Marius' home at "White Nights."

Such, at least, is the view of Mr. Meade Falkner in his "History of Oxfordshire" already quoted. It was only the other day that I tried in these pages to describe an imaginary County History which should be after my own heart; and within a week or two Mr. Falkner's publisher has presented me with the book ready written. I could say a great deal upon the charm of this book, with its close and scarcely inviting type; but for the moment, at any rate, I confine my gratitude to Mr. Falkner's scholarly and pleasant description of Roman life in England at the close of the third century.

It has often been wondered how natives of the South, conventional Romans, nurtured in every luxury, were able to leave the splendour of the imperial city to endure the wilds of Britain and the rigours of our Northern climate. In part, no doubt, as years went on, generations of Romans would be born who had never known any other land than Britain, but an examination of a great villa like Northleigh goes far to show that even for the newly transplanted Southerner the severities of a country life could be very greatly mitigated. His villa lay sheltered from wild winds partly by the rising brow of the hill, and partly, no doubt, by belts of trees; it was turned towards the South, and caught the full sun. In the spring the breath of his violet beds would be as soft and sweet as in Oxfordshire woods to-day; in the summer his quadrangle would be gay with calthae, and his colonnade festooned with roses and helichryse. . . . And when the long winter nights fell and winter cold set in, the slaves heaped higher the charcoal fires in the *praefurnium*; and the master sat in rooms far better warmed than Oxford country-houses now, or sunned himself at mid-day in the sheltered quadrangle, taking his exercise in the warm side of the colonnade among his gay stuccoes and fluted columns. . . .

In short, could we raise the veil upon the country life of 400 A.D. in Oxfordshire, and disabuse our minds of the conventional tales of imperial debauch—all the big-mullet-blood-and-roseleaf business—as well as all "the professional exaggerations of darkness-and-dawn theorists," we should probably find that the well-to-do Roman of rustic Britain was by no means a dweller in horrid social and religious darkness, but, rather, a useful, peaceable and happy person.

And Mr. Falkner paints for us the scene among which this peaceable existence was passed; not daubing on colour but piecing the picture together as you might piece together one of the broken tessellated pavements which, next to the coins, are the most familiar relics of that age: "the

[Errata.—In the article "Our Lady of Pain," in the first column of p. 210 "*was* its *ambarvalia*" ought to read "has," etc.; and in the second column "*stars* filmy gold" should be "sky," etc.]

outbuildings clustered about the villa of the proprietor in the number necessary for a large and self-supporting domain: the villa itself, the like of which has never been seen in England before or since, with its one storey, its plain outer wall pierced with few windows, its inner quadrangle with covered colonnaded walk on which the principal chambers opened, its painted walls and central fountain planted about with herbs and flowers imported from the south. Here were shrines and frescoes, fountains and baths, and a host of other utensils and appliances of which the use, and even the name, are forgotten; and everywhere for the floor there was the tessellated pavement." Mr. Falkner is eloquent on the memories of this pavement and all it meant to the Roman settler. (And as I write comes news of yet another discovered in Dorchester—the Wessex Dorchester.) "Its graceful designs and mellow tones seem to have been to him almost a matter of religion: wherever his feet went, there went the tessellated pavement for them to stand on." Even generals on foreign service took with them in panniers on muleback the small coloured tiles for laying down on each camping-ground, to be taken up and packed again when they moved forward. And the bright legendary scenes on them with all their "happy naturalism"—"what touches of home they must have seemed to those old dwellers in the Oxfordshire wilds!"

Of course all this quiet and dignified colonial life came to an end: but it is just before the end (say in the opening years of the fifth century) that we want a picture of it more elaborate and leisurable than Mr. Falkner's vivid but tantalisingly brief sketch. An artist of the right imagination could do it: and the hero of the tale should stay behind after watching the retreating legions down the broad straight road, and turn back to his farmstead with the sense perhaps that this meant the beginning of the end, yet but dimly foreboding the days when the savage invaders should draw closer around his paternal belt of trees and he long "to see once more the gleam of the eagles and to hear the heavy tread of the legionaries or 'the long stern swell that bids the Roman close.'"

We have too many tales of Bonnie Prince Charlie, and far too many of that trumpery affair, the Monmouth rising. In the last struggle of these Roman settlers there must lie, if only one could discover it, every element of romance, deep in emotion and brilliant in external colour. A clearing in the wilds, a building of gay stucco and marble beneath an inhospitable sky, the deserted relics of a Southern race, and a conquering one, fighting and holding out to the last gasp—I protest that for the moment all other scenes afforded by English history seem pale in comparison. Scarcely a name or a legend comes down to us from that time. But what a story it awaits!

A. T. Q. C.

REVIEWS.

DEAN LIDDELL.

HENRY GEORGE LIDDELL, D.D. A Memoir by the Rev. H. L. Thompson, formerly student of Christ Church. London: John Murray.

HARD upon Mr. Sargeaunt's eloquent "Annals of Westminster" comes this biography of one who, directly as Headmaster, indirectly as Dean of Christ Church, influenced its growth for five and forty years. There are men of whom the popular estimate, gauging from without, is almost certain to be false; such a one was Liddell. The majestic presence, deep voice, reserved austerity, the stern rebuke more impressive through its passionless deliberation, the withering, silent scorn expressed by the mobile lips, scared undergraduates and schoolboys, daunted casual acquaintances, carried into the outer world an impression of him as rough, hard, arrogant. Those who knew him closely learned to see in him a man humble, reverent, tender; his severity straightforwardness, his hauteur a form of shyness, his reticence born of the strong self-restraint which guarded his utterances by exactest truth, and forbore to speak at all unless the right word for the expression of his feeling offered itself. And now, in this admirable memoir, which, at once reverent and judicial, though lacking the humour which used to characterise its author, sustains Liddell's own dictum that a biography can only be good in proportion as its praise is modified by criticism, the great Dean's manifold eminence is revealed as chief pilot of Oxford through storms of transitional reform, as creator of a Lexicon accepted still by foreigners as superior to any continental *Wörterbuch*, as deserving by his regeneration of Christ Church no less than of Westminster the graceful tribute which reverberated through both Colleges from the Prologue of 1891—

> . . . robur animi indutus et triplex suæ
> Virtutis æs, labantem sustinuit Domum,
> Reparavit vires, res secundas præbuit,
> Facultatem hanc increscendi nobis reddidit.

A studious child, poring over the story-books which, few and excellent, educated nurseries in the early century, he passed four years of utter wretchedness at a bad private school, was little happier at Charterhouse, where he sate next in form to Thackeray; in 1830 went up to Christ Church, ruled then by "Presence of Mind" Smith, whose queer eponym as traditionally explained this is not the place to unravel. He had been so imperfectly taught at school that he could not read Thucydides without a crib; and his double first three years later bespeaks severe unbroken toil of which no account is given. He spent three more years working at Classics, English Literature, French, German, cultivating also the artistic taste reverentially recalled by Ruskin in his "Præterita." Not the least enchanting pages of the book contain his letter on the appearance of "Modern Painters," with Ruskin's answer, not, we believe, in print before. He became college tutor, an office not then, as now, volatilised by subdivision of subjects, but responsible for the whole work of many pupils, with a veiled but real pastoral superintendence of their moral welfare. He devoted himself to it heart and soul, remaining up in the long vacation to read, and earning the life-long gratitude, expressed in these pages, of such men as Bishop Ryle, Charles Newton, Henry Acland, and Lord Wemyss. He was made Select Preacher, Professor of Moral Philosophy, Whitehall Preacher, Chaplain to Prince Albert; finally in 1846 left Oxford for the Headmastership of Westminster. That once fine school was at its lowest ebb; its numbers declined, its discipline nominal, teaching staff ineffective, sanitation and domestic economy scandalous. But Buckland had just been appointed Dean; the two men understood each other; and with assurance of a free hand in reform and substantial assistance from the Chapter he accepted the post, and brought his bride to their quaint low-roomed house in Dean's Yard. Soon followed sweeping changes; the old staff of ushers was replaced by men of his own choice; the work of the Forms re-cast, the accommodation of the boys enlarged. Not without friction—from old Westminsters loving the abuses under which they had grown up; from a majority in the Chapter grudging outlay. Not, again, without anxiety; for Buckland's draining projects tapped a source of malaria; some boys died, Mrs. Liddell's life was in danger, and the panic brought a temporary check. But he worked on; had his way in vital points, the numbers rose from 90 to 140, discipline was restored, scholarship improved; and when in 1855 he left for the Deanery of Christ Church, it was acknowledged that, in Mr. Sargeaunt's work, "the changes wrought by him were the

foundation of the school's subsequent prosperity." While still at Westminster he had been placed on the first Oxford University Commission. His views of University reform had long been clear; his collegiate and academical experience gave him great weight with his colleagues; and their four chief recommendations—abolition of the hebdomadal oligarchy, expansion of the professoriate, opening of close fellowships and scholarships, and introduction of students unattached—bore the stamp of his educational convictions. Between himself and Stanley, who was Secretary to the Commission, now commenced the affectionate intimacy which ceased only with his friend's death.

It is in connection with the famous Lexicon that his name will most certainly and universally survive. Mr. Thompson's account of its inception was given in these columns long ago, on the authority of Bartholomew Price, who, as for many years virtual head of the Clarendon printing department, was the typographical father of the book. That it was first encouraged by William Sewell is improbable; he was just the man to have learnt from Talboys that arrangements were in progress, and then to seize the credit of the suggestion. It was based on Passow's Dictionary, a book admirably schemed, strong in illustration from Homer, Hesiod, the earlier post-Homeric poets; but terminating with Herodotus through its author's death. So far the English followed the German Dictionary minutely; its citation from Hippocrates was weak, through using an imperfect vocabulary by Foes, a sixteenth-century physician of Metz; it was excellent in the Attic writers, imperfect in Aristotle; its comparative etymology was of necessity almost worthless. The Preface to the first edition, which lies before us, and has become exceedingly scarce, admits its manifold deficiencies, and pleads for criticism and suggestion. It was immeasurably superior to any extant dictionary; Hedericus, Donnegan, Schrevelius—blind leaders of the blind—fell at once into disuse; Dindorf, after examining it, renounced his intention of executing a similar work in German; in its entire or abridged form "Liddell and Scott" has ever since held the field. Fairly or unfairly, the credit of it has fallen to Liddell rather than to Scott; so much is hinted in the amusing epigram, worded by Mr. Thompson on the authority of its author, but more pungent in its popular form as embalmed in Hare's "Story of My Life." Liddell was from first to last alive, as Scott was not, to its etymological confusions; in the countless additions and improvements which it underwent in its seven subsequent editions Liddell's hand was mainly traceable; from its first appearance in 1843 interleaved copies lay always on a high-standing desk in his study for continuous amendment and correction, until the present final edition was issued only a year before his death. His appointment to Christ Church was regarded with satisfaction by the world outside the college, with dismay by the old-fashioned Conservatives who reposed in its canonical lethargy. He had a difficult team to drive; only one of the Canons, Jacobson, was prepared to welcome and support him. But the fiat of change had sounded from without, and he had an Act of Parliament behind him. The constitution of the "House" was at once reconstructed, senior students, excluded hitherto from all share in government, acquiring powers of equality with the Chapter; with a doleful *fuit Ilium* from Pusey the consequent revolution was worked out, its comparatively harmonious development due in large measure to the Dean's conciliatory and impartial guidance. The buildings were as decrepit as the constitution, and on them Liddell brought his fine artistic taste to bear. First the deanery was exquisitely rearranged, then came work on the cathedral. Some of us can remember it as perhaps the shabbiest in England; the choir cut off, the seats crowded, the woodwork hideous, the Bishop's throne an unsightly pew, filled ordinarily with Commoners. Bishop Bagot never entered it; but Samuel Wilberforce, soon after his appointment, one day took his seat betimes, while its ordinary occupants were as sheep going astray. "I went to Chapel this morning," said Ward Hunt, the fat Hobbes of Clough's Bothie, "and walked up to my seat, but I found quite another party there." As Bishop and Dean walked away together afterwards, Gaisford growled an inarticulate apology: his lordship not there before—want of room—so utilised his seat—"please don't mention it, Mr. Dean," said S. Oxon. with his seraphic smile, "I have no doubt that in your occasional absence the undergraduates occupy *your* seat!" So first a temporary inexpensive restoration removed discomfort and indecency; then in 1870 the beautiful and final change took place. Its stages are well shown by Mr. Thompson in a series of drawings; and through Dr. Corfe's energy—for the Dean was no musician—the choir was made worthy of the renovated temple. Next the great quadrangle was restored, the crumbling Fell's buildings replaced by a larger pile; the mean and pestilent approach to the Meadows along a filthy stream called Pactolus, black with St. Aldate sewage, and in our own time not even shielded by a wall, gave way to an avenue, which has in thirty years attained respectable dimensions, and will some day emulate the Broad Walk.

In one of his most venomous and amusing pages Mark Pattison brands as intellectual palsy the work of attending college boards or negotiating academic legislation. But universities and colleges must be governed; in a transitional epoch they need delicate practised guidance; and Liddell's self-devotion to this unprepossessing formative toil is, if the least showy, not the least praiseworthy of his achievements. There was no single matter of importance, academic or civic, in which he did not take a leading part; as Vice-Chancellor, on the Council, in establishment of the *Scholares non Ascripti*, as delegate of the Bodleian, the museum, the art gallery, the press; as an active member of the Local Government Board, assisting the Corporation in the task of City drainage, he filled strenuously the post of assessor or of chairman. Fair, patient, courteous, practical, businesslike, master of each subject in all its aspects, focussing the opinions expressed, and drafting at the ripe moment an acceptable resolution, his qualifications are admiringly attested in these pages by many of his colleagues, and felicitously summarised by Max Müller in his Fortnightly article. A chapter is given to his home life—his charming attitude towards his children, reading, talking, riding with them daily in his busiest times—the pretty retreat at Llandudno, the Christmas fun at the grandparents' while they lived. That his favourite books were Shakespeare, Horace, Scott, Boswell; that he hated and discouraged theological controversy; that he admired Peel and distrusted Gladstone; that he rarely drank wine and detested tobacco, are touches of colour which happily tint our conception of him. His promptitude of action and clear common-sense repeatedly come out. A Roman priest is at work amongst the undergraduates, Pusey writes him a series of rambling letters, discussing the pros and cons of propagandism. Liddell tells the porter to refuse the priest admission within the walls, and the man leaves Oxford. Acland's religious self-tormentings he meets with a few wise, deep, strong sayings which effectually clear the air.

Resigning the Deanery in 1891, he retired to a country home near Ascot, and there, after six years of quiet, passed away. Eclipsing his predecessor in all but scholarship, and certainly not eclipsed by his successor, his biographer may fairly claim that his term of Oxford office was unequalled in importance as in duration, and that its effects will survive beneficently long after his name has faded with that of other illustrious Deans into the Walhalla of half-oblivious veneration. We are grateful for the three portraits of his noble features which adorn the book; grateful, too, for the scrap

of blotting paper, rescued as one of many left by him on the Council table, adorned with landscapes, buildings, figures by his facile pen while the stream of tedious talk flowed on. The story of Gaisford's clumsy rudeness to Lord Grenville is not quite in keeping with tradition; the tradesmanlike response is rightly given; it came to Cyril Jackson's ears, and the offering of a handsomely bound Hephæstion with a properly written letter was by him insisted on after, not before, the accepted offer of the Professorship. The epigram on Dr. Bull will be familiar to readers of THE SPEAKER; Bull's living, Staverton, is in Warwickshire, not in North Hants.

THE BEGINNINGS OF THE RUSSIAN NAVY.

HISTORY OF THE RUSSIAN FLEET DURING THE REIGN OF PETER THE GREAT. Edited by Vice-Admiral Sir Cyprian A. G. Bridge, K.C.B. London: Navy Records Society.

THE latest volume published by the Navy Records Society contains a curious account of the Baltic fleet created by Peter the Great, from the pen of "a contemporary Englishman." The author is unknown, but internal evidence points to his being one of the many British officers who took service under Peter. He was evidently well acquainted with the inner life of the young Russian navy, and his notes bear the appearance of having been written as events occurred and then rounded off by a general appreciation drawn up after his return home for the information of the English Government. The editor supplies a valuable introduction, in which the immense importance of the naval achievements of Peter, which historians have generally failed to note, receives full recognition. The great Tsar, as Sir Cyprian Bridge points out, was not in all respects an original statesman; but the creation of the Russian navy was his own work. He "not only discerned the weakness of Sweden and rightly estimated the capacity of her king, with the insight of rare genius he also saw what ought to be his primary objective in the inevitable struggle and how it ought to be reached." He was "the first to conceive the possibility of creating a real navy and making Russia a real naval power," and he adhered to this great object with admirable persistence in face of the greatest difficulties. In 1688 nothing would have seemed less probable than that the inland State of Russia should own a great navy. In 1724 the "contemporary Englishman" tells us that there were thirty sail of the line in the Baltic, six on the stocks, and timber prepared for thirty more, besides frigates, snows, privateers and bomb-vessels." There never was a more artificial product than the navy of Peter, and never a more striking instance of the effect of one-man power. The Russian people in the early eighteenth century possessed none of the instincts of the sea, and their low intelligence made training difficult. The superstitious peasants placed on board ship against their will insisted upon keeping long fasts, and "this abstinence emaciates them, and mightily aggravates their dejection of spirit, taking away both strength and inclination to any work that requires activity and force of body." Good warrant officers could not be obtained "because of the very ill usage they meet with from the lieutenants, generally Russians and men of little worth, upon the least provocation." In the long winters the men "easily forgot what they but imperfectly knew the foregoing summer," and "as there is neither ebb nor flow in the Baltic, some essentials in a seaman's duty are not to be learned by the ignorant, and persons of some skill in navigation preserve with difficulty the experience they had formerly gained." Over these and other difficulties the will of Peter triumphed as far as was possible. In shipbuilding, according to the author, he fully succeeded.

> Few, if any, ships in the world are able to wrong the Russian, especially those built in St. Petersburg, if well manned, in the qualification of excellent sailing; and they are incomparably provided with masts, sails, anchors, cables, and cordages, all the proper product of Russia.

The Baltic fleet of Peter never fought a naval action, for the galley fight of Hangö Head differed little from the contests of the Romans and Carthaginians; but the sea power of Russia steadily asserted itself as that of Sweden declined. After the victory of Hangö Head, which the author, contradicting popular history, states that the Tsar witnessed "from an island at some distance," Rear-Admiral Peter Alexsievitz, "on his arrival at St. Petersburg, was advanced to the rank of Vice-Admiral, having modestly refused this preferment before." In 1716 Peter hoisted his standard and cruised in nominal command of a combined British, Russian, Danish, and Dutch squadron. Not even the German Emperor has yet attained to such an honour. As an admiral, Peter was in the habit of resorting to strong measures when fleet evolutions were not satisfactorily performed. We read that, on one occasion, "several captains, not observing their proper stations, incurred the Tsar's displeasure, and being taken in arrest were confined and ordered to be mulcted of part of their pay." Frequent jealousies and quarrels between the polyglot sea-officers naturally occurred. In such circumstances, the Tsar "got 'em with some difficulty to drink a glass together, under the mask of a seeming reconciliation." Of eighty-two superior officers of the Baltic fleet only nineteen were Russians, while twenty were British, and the remainder Dutch, Danes, Norwegians, Swedes, Germans, and French. Only an autocrat could have preserved order among such a heterogeneous body, and discipline in the higher sense was frequently wanting. The foreign officers were apparently in the habit of asking for their dismissal when friction arose, and Peter endeavoured to induce those he esteemed to sign articles of service for life. Special favours were accorded to those who consented, and "the Tsar himself in his cups" was in the habit of proposing "A health to all brave officers, that never design to leave me." The temptation seems to have been generally resisted, and "only such as were Swedes born were compelled to a compliance." The author furnishes lists of ships in commission at different periods, and the prevalence of English names is remarkable. Peter's fleet included a *Marlborough*, *Oxford*, *London*, *Britannia*, *Lansdowne*, *Ormonde*, *Richmond*, *Strafford*, *Arundel*, *Bolingbroke*, and *Devonshire*, all built in England. With a view to keep up its early traditions, the Russian navy should surely have perpetuated some of these names in its modern armour-clads. It is interesting to note that New England supplied ships to a navy which is now drawing upon Philadelphia.

While Peter's Baltic fleet may be said to have fulfilled the objects for which it was built, and to have been one of the most marvellous creations that history records, the author formed a low estimate of its real fighting capacity.

> Any man that has seen the condition their ships are in at sea, in a strong gale of wind, must readily allow that a much inferior force might easily attack and destroy them. For at such a juncture, though under no extraordinary apprehension, and consequently in free exercise of thought, they never could manage their ships as they ought. And how much less will they be able to do it after ten or twelve days' continuance at sea, when many are sea-sick or otherwise in ill state of health, and the rest are thunderstruck with the terror of an approaching engagement . . . in an element disagreeable to far the major part, and the distraction heightened by the everlasting animosities and emulation subsisting between land and sea officers and their people.

On the other hand, the "contemporary Englishman" thought that the Russian seamen would fight well if

> attacked in their own roads, lying at anchor in an advantageous position and their bodies well secured from small shots, and their commanders exposing their persons and seeming insensible of danger. Then the common Russ, forming their judgment from the officers' intrepid aspect, apprehending the peril to be less than it really is, will stand their ground, traverse the guns, and make a handsome defence, ever a Russian's masterpiece.

Such a navy was evidently not capable of fighting a great battle on the sea. The genius and the energy of Peter had accomplished wonders; but it was powerless to make seamen out of the material available in 1700–24. An efficient navy can be created only by a people which possesses in a high degree the instincts of the sea. This interesting and remarkably well-edited volume throws new light upon a little known organisation which, however crude and imperfect, exercised a powerful influence upon its times. We have not yet seen the end of the great monument inaugurated by Peter the Great, and the dawn of the Russian navy marks the beginning of a new period in the world's history.

A FAMOUS TRAVELLER'S TALE.

SHAKESPEARE'S PERICLES AND APOLLONIUS OF TYRE: A STUDY IN COMPARATIVE LITERATURE. By Albert H. Smyth. Philadelphia: M'Calla & Co.

"SOME mouldy tale like *Pericles*," Ben Jonson said of the play in which Shakespeare rescued Marina from the sea, and the dust of the theatre, and made Gower into his dramatic stalking horse. But Ben Jonson was speaking in a fit of spleen, which found its lyric outlet in the ode, "Come, leave the loathéd stage." We know in spite of it (and of references like Tatham's to those envious decriers of the successful drama under Elizabeth and James, who said Shakespeare "founder'd in's *Pericles*") that the play took the public taste immensely. In succeeding it perpetuated on the stage a tale that in its elements had been pleasing for centuries an audience under simpler forms of repetition. Professor A. H. Smyth has made for us a very elaborate study—almost too elaborate some readers will think—of these forms. But the theme, to the disinterested follower after literary types and origins, is, it must be admitted, a very attractive one. The Apollonius story is one of the best instances to be found of a genuine traveller's tale, which has proved so true in its essence that it has evaded (within the comparative limits of a thousand years) time itself. Its precise origin we cannot tell. Professor Smyth speaks of its having sprung from the late sophistic romance of Greece, although no Greek original exists. But it may have existed, so far as we can know now, even before Greek literature. It came probably in the guise of a hoary folk-tale, when it reached the literary threshold of romance. Having once arrived there, it reproduced itself with extraordinary energy. It gained a hearing in Italy, Russia, Hungary, and Bohemia; it was known in Norway and Iceland; traces of it are to be discovered in Spain and Provençe; there are even suggestions of a Celtic graft or so in the romance garden of Merlin. The mythical Apollonius of the traveller's tale, who was tossed on strange seas about the Mediterranean coasts, became finally, as the author reminds us, "a veritable hero of history to the Germans, French, and Italians in the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries." And the culmination of all and of the apparently endless series of translations, paraphrases, *märchen*, sagas, romances, plays and ballads, so far as English literature is concerned, is Shakespeare's "Pericles Prince of Tyre."

However, long before Shakespeare, long before Gower's version in the "Confessio Amantis" in the fifteenth century, it had established itself among us. There is an Anglo-Saxon, or Old English version, belonging to the eleventh century, which exists in only one known MS., which is in the possession of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. It is practically our only Anglo-Saxon romance, untinged by any Norman chivalric hues of mediæval device, or by any Celtic colours; and its historical and literary interest is therefore very great. For the examination in full of the story, whether in Anglo-Saxon or Latin or later forms, we must be content here to refer the reader to Professor Smyth's study. But we ought to say a word further as to its interest as an addition to one's store of Shakespeariana. Shakespeare, let us recollect, was the first reteller of the old tale to alter the name of the hero to Pericles; but precisely how much of the play that we call Shakespeare's was really his is still an open question. The present volume collates effectively the answers to the question, if it does not wholly decide it for us. According to its writer, Shakespeare's part was his "unfinished work upon what he meant to be the beginning and the end of a play of Marina." George Wilkins then took the incomplete Marina, and added the Gower choruses and other inferior portions. So thinks Professor Smyth; but Delius thought (see the "Shakespeare Jahrbuch" for 1868) that Wilkins's work preceded Shakespeare's. Whether or no—and, for our part, we think the internal evidence points to Shakespeare's use of a direct dramatic basis, when in his latest period he took up the Apollonius-Pericles story—it is certain that the Marina and Thaisa episodes are his. Dr. Furnivall, to whom Professor Smyth refers gaily as "that indefatigable King of Clubs," quoted Tennyson long ago as having said to him, "Shakespeare wrote all the part relating to the birth and recovery of Marina and the recovery of Thaisa. I settled that long ago; come upstairs, and I'll read it to you." Many things in Shakespeare criticism that seemed settled then—it was when Tennyson was in Seamore Place—have been unsettled since; but Marina remains secure. As for the old traveller's tale, out of whose strange seas she came, we can only point to its extraordinary persistence without quite understanding it. Instead of accounting for it, let us end by recalling how, as Gower says in the play,

> It has been sung at festivals,
> At ember eves and holy ales,
> And lords and ladies in their lives
> Have read it for restoratives.

IMPRESSIONS OF INDIA.

ENCHANTED INDIA. By Prince Böjidar Karageorgevitch. London and New York: Harper & Brothers.

THIS book—so a note records—is translated from the French original by Mrs. Clara Bell, and published in advance of that original. The author has taken for his model works like Paul Bourget's "Sensations d'Italie" and Pierre Loti's. "Fantome d'Orient." Not that he is an imitator; he is an impressionist after the style of those masters. Now a literary impressionist, we take it, is one who journeys with his mind a sort of *tabula rasa*, or, rather, in a highly prepared state of receptivity; he takes in the various aspects of a place, cunningly combines and reproduces them; and, if he be an artist, the result is literature.

The older type of traveller, like the older type of chronicler, missed out the very things you wanted to know, or, at any rate, referred to them in perfunctory fashion, so that conning his page you never catch the feeling of a place. The triumph of impressionism is when the artist makes you see with his eyes, hear with his ears, feel with all his senses, so that his mind inspires you exactly as the place did him. All this is accomplished here so successfully that you grasp and understand Indian life in its most striking manifestations; you hear—

> The East a-callin', and them spicy, garlic smells,
> An' the sunshine an' the palm-trees an' the tinkly temple-bells!

in the words of Kipling's famous ballad, and there is little or nothing that is non-essential. Easy to infer the time is the present; but how the author got to India, what company he kept, what routes he took, you can scarce tell. He takes you from place to place as if the enchanted carpet were his private property; and though railways and steamboats are introduced, it is only because they too

form part of Indian life. Thus he guides you to the railway station at Bombay with its "enormous hall of palatial proportions handsomely decorated with sculptured marble," but packed with coolies fleeing from the plague; you see them fighting for tickets, singing and dancing when successful, the packed trains with their lucky occupants moving slowly out into the night, whilst those left behind camp out under the stars, to be first in next day's exodus. The various sights of the place—marriages, funerals, gambling dens—are briefly but skilfully touched off, whilst we are made to feel that behind it all lie the horrors of the plague-stricken city. At Bhawnagar a bit of comedy is introduced. At a side station a man with a broad, jolly, smiling face got into the carriage; he was a juggler, ever travelling apparently for his own amusement, but free! Had he not threatened, if mulcted, to break the train into splinters? His tricks were wonderful; he filched our author's rings, and threw them before his face out of the window; they fell on the line and rolled away into the grass; presto! there they lay in his hands again. "My watch got into his hands, and vanished. I found it in my friend's pocket, and afterwards in a basket of provender closed at Bhawnagar which I unpacked with my own hands." The cities are neatly indicated: the approach to Calcutta, the town itself, an incongruous jumble of palaces and hovels, where East and West meet but do not mingle, the holy city of Benares with its endless temples, the half-ruined palaces of Delhi—all find their place. The pictures of Lucknow and Cawnpore seem hard and cold to an English reader; these places are sacred in our eyes, but our author is not in sympathy with British rule in India, though he neither obtrudes nor conceals the feeling. Lucknow is to him "a vision of Europe. Cottages surrounded by lawns under the shade of tall trees, and against the green the scarlet coats of English soldiers walking about. And close about the houses, as if dropped there by chance, tombs covered by flagstones and enclosed by railings, and on all the same date, June or July, 1857." Near half a century ago! The wild passions of the time are long stilled, and the ruins of mosques and forts are well nigh hidden by the rank Indian vegetation, and yet it is not for us to forget, though one hopes we have long since forgiven.

Under Agra we have some brief pages on the most beautiful mausoleum in the world, which Shah Jehan erected for Mumtaj-Mahal, his well-beloved Sultana. It is a dream in marble "glistening with nacreous tints in the brilliant sunshine under a sky pale with heat and dust." It is built on a great terrace of marble overhanging the Jumna, and afar off on the plain your eye is taken by its magic beauty. The story runs that when it was finished the Emperor asked the architect if he could design another tomb as beautiful. The man, greedy or vain, rashly professed himself willing to try. He was forthwith hurled into the Jumna ("to learn him for his tricks," as Burns would say), and his masterpiece remains unrivalled.

THE HOLY ROMAN EMPIRE.

THE MEDIÆVAL EMPIRE. By Herbert Fisher. 2 vols. London: Macmillan & Co.

So little that is really first-rate is written in England on Continental history, that a book of the dimensions and pretensions of Mr. Fisher's deserves the warmest welcome. The writer has undertaken the ambitious task of presenting us with a detailed account, drawn from first-hand sources, of the working of the imperial idea, and of the machinery of imperial government in both Germany and Italy between the period when Otto I. revived the Roman Empire and the time when the fall of the Hohenstauffen dynasty reduced the imperial system to a manifest unreality. He has spared himself no labour in mastering the vast modern literature on this subject, and he has seldom neglected going to the best sources and checking therefrom even the most trustworthy of his modern guides. The result is a book which in English has no rival on its subject, and which even in Germany may well be read with profit. Original in the highest sense Mr. Fisher's work can hardly hope to be. It is virtually impossible for a foreigner writing in his own country to add anything fresh to the researches of the Germans on the most glorious period of their mediæval annals. Neither does the scale of the book allow of that minute investigation of the particular wherein lies nearly all the originality that is possible to the worker on mediæval history. But in the search after details we are apt to neglect more general truths, and it is rather as a synthesis and survey of a great literature, as a competent and sustained attempt to put together something like a general theory of the working of the greatest secular institution of the Middle Ages, that the strength of Mr. Fisher's book lies. Indeed, the greatest proof of intellectual capacity shown in it seems to us to reside in the ease with which the writer for the most part moves under the crushing weight of the great mass of sources and modern monographs that he has utilised for his task. He has generally managed to keep his head clear and his perspective true. At his best he marshals his facts and theories with remarkable skill into something like an orderly system. At his worst he, at least, presents us with carefully chosen and interesting details. In a few paragraphs he often gives us the essence of some elaborate German or French monograph, vivifying and illustrating it with some deftly chosen quotation from an original source. His style of writing is as adequate as his grasp and learning. Though the nature of constitutional history makes it impossible for anyone but Professor Maitland to discourse on it with grace and ease, Mr. Fisher's clear, sharp, short sentences carry the reader comfortably along with them. Save when Mr. Fisher attempts to be smart, epigrammatic, or colloquial, he writes with force and skill. And we may overlook the tawdry historic presents, of which he is too fond. We may barely notice the rather hastily composed and not too elegant sentences that occasionally mar his attempts at eloquence. It is seldom that a new author comes before the learned public so well equipped both in matter and manner in his first serious work.

The task Mr. Fisher has set before himself is so hard that it is impossible but that he should have been less successful in some parts of it than in others. It would indeed require a Gibbon or a Mommsen to deal adequately with the whole of so great a theme. And Mr. Fisher, as revealed in the present work, is rather an unusually promising scholar than a great historian. Here and there we observe that the details have been rather too much for him, and it is difficult to see the relation of some parts of his book to the general plan sketched out in the introduction. He tells us that he avoids narrative history, and the statement is so far true that those who are not acquainted with the ordinary outline of mediæval German and Italian history will be unable readily to follow his pages. Nevertheless a large part of his chapter on "the German monarchy and the German races" is pure narrative, the less intelligible because it is so little continuous. Probably the most valuable part of his work is contained in the chapters on German legislation, the imperial court, and imperial finance that follow. They bring out clearly and forcibly the barrenness and unreality of the imperial system even at its best. The contrast between the course of German history and our own national development is elucidated with great skill and success. Some of the best and most suggestive comparisons of English and German law, and indeed the whole legal side of the work, are clearly inspired by the influence of Professor Maitland, which is responsible for many of the most fruitful

aspects of Mr. Fisher's speculations. These sections show real grasp as well as wide learning, as does the chapter on the position of the Church in Germany, where Mr. Fisher is even more interesting and distinctly more lucid; yet even in these best parts of his work we resent now and then a certain intolerance of the mediæval standpoint, which occasionally expresses itself with unnecessary emphasis. Now and then also there lurks a slight suggestion of superiority that makes his work less sympathetic and convincing than it need be.

The two chapters on the expansion of Germany to the north-east and the south-east hardly fit in with the plan of the book, since Mr. Fisher confesses that the imperial authority had very little to do with the history of the struggles of Henry the Lion and the advance of the early Margraves of Brandenburg and Austria against the Slav and the Magyar, and still less with the extension of German influence by the Teutonic order. Yet we could ill spare them, since to us they were the most readable and interesting portions of the book, and they give a much higher impression of Mr. Fisher's skill in narrative than the rather tedious and confused chapter to which we have already alluded.

Italy and Germany are treated separately by Mr. Fisher. This plan involves some repetition, as, indeed, does the method adopted all through of dealing with various sides of the subject by detailed essays not always too well dovetailed into each other. While Germany gets a volume and a half, Italy is dealt with in less than 150 pages. The best of the Italian chapters points out the position of the Emperor as legislator within the peninsula. But the chapter on the "Emperors and Rome" is little more than Gregorovius, while all through this portion of the book Mr. Fisher is under very great indebtedness to Ficker. But, despite the limitations of space, the Italian part follows much the same lines, and is illuminated by the same learning, as the larger part of the work.

Save for an occasional rash statement or premature generalisation, Mr. Fisher's book is in essentials thoroughly sound and accurate. Once or twice we suspect him to have been gravely misled by the secondary authorities from which much of the book is necessarily constructed. But this is inevitable with so big a subject. Unluckily, however, Mr. Fisher seems to have abandoned the work of revision before it was half accomplished. We have never read a book so learned and thorough which has been so badly passed through the press. Small errors of the sort usually attributed by the charitable to the printer swarm everywhere, and they are the more provoking since they are largely in proper names and in foreign languages, though they are sometimes also in references, dates, and figures. A text-book writer would count himself lucky not to be denounced as an ignoramus for errors of precisely a similar kind. It is clear from the tone of the whole book that Mr. Fisher is a man of exceptional width of learning, and we can testify, as the result of considerable labour, that the mass of his references are real references, and the bulk of the literature referred to has really passed through his mind. Nevertheless, it might easily be argued from the slovenliness with which the work has been revised that Mr. Fisher cannot spell the commonest French or German names, and is ignorant of the rudiments of French and German grammar, and cannot write out fairly the most hackneyed quotations from a foreign tongue. Some of the blunders are positively astounding, and if most of them can be easily corrected by scholars, they will constitute a real stumbling-block to the mass of readers, and some will puzzle even the learned. The *umlaut* is rarely correctly used in German names, and French accents are as often as not omitted or put wrongly. The short list of *errata*, though correcting such familiar blunders as "Charles the Bold" for "Charles the Bald," is the very reverse of exhaustive. Nor are all these blunders "printer's errors." On I. 255 we are mysteriously told that "a layman is not to ordain a priest without the licence or examination." Otto I. is called "King of Saxony" (I. 42). Luxeuil has a "bishop," and is spelt "Luxueil" (I. 41). "Bishop Emmeran of Poitiers," we are told, "did not even know the German tongue." If Poitiers were really his see, why in the world should he? And that he was Bishop of Poitiers seems Mr. Fisher's deliberate opinion, since he is indexed as such. Hideous and vulgar misspellings like "Innsprück," "Supplinberg" (almost the invariable form for Mr. Fisher), "Siegeberg," "Söhm," "Wurzburg," can be justified on no theory. Forms like "*das Kaiserzeit*" (I. 96), the "Luxembergers" (I. 185), "*Literätur*" (I. 184), "*de les*" (II. 271), "*Frankirches Recht*" (I. 165), "Palsgrave Frederick of Statthaltern" (I. 181), "Schlesvig," "Hermann Billing" (II. 6), "Swerin" (II. 19), "Perststat" (II. 101), "Rahewin" (II. 245), are samples of what might be indefinitely multiplied. On I. 274 we have an "Archbishop of Liège." Aix-la-Chapelle has a "cathedral." Italy is repeatedly "the peninsular" (II. 137–145). Mr. Fisher talks about "the famous fifth-century frescoes at Ravenna," when he means the mosaics that enrich that city. Brandenburg is "*Brandenbourg*" in French and "Brandeburg" in English. The maps are hardly up to the mark, and never contain the obscure places to which Mr. Fisher is over fond of alluding. In these same maps we have such places as "Pomerlia," while Bologna is put between Parma and Modena and "Bresse" sprawls over the Rhône half-way between Lyons and the sea, and a good hundred miles to the south of the real Bresse. Nor are Mr. Fisher's references always unexceptionable. Why refer on I. 9 to three or four books more or less about Pierre du Bois, without a word to tell us that the text of du Bois' treatise can be read, admirably edited by M. Langlois, in Picard's most accessible "*Collection de Textes pour servir à l'Étude et l'Enseignement de l'Histoire*"? It would have been better if Mr. Fisher had referred to fewer books, and had invariably referred to them with scholarly precision. A vague reference to the whole of a big book is of little service to anyone. He is by no means immaculate in his dates. Richard of Cornwall's visit to Germany described in Wykes was not in "1260" (I. 281), but in 1269; and Richard did not die in "1271" (I. 350), but in 1272. The first Lateran Council was not in "1121," but in 1123 (I. 201). The University of Prague was not founded in "1447" (II. 92), but a hundred years earlier. It shows some carelessness to call Hildebrand "Gregory the Great." Sometimes both composition and matter show signs of undue haste as well as carelessness. For example, on I. 42 there seems to us a complete break in the argument. There an admirable expository passage loses its effect by Mr. Fisher suddenly harking back from Frederick II. to Otto I., with statements that so far as they are relevant seem rather to contradict those immediately preceding them. Nor is this the only instance. We cannot help drawing the moral that Mr. Fisher's book would have been more noteworthy if he had either limited his theme or delayed its publication.

Mr. Fisher's allusiveness is often rather trying. He wrongly imagines his readers have all names of persons and places at their fingers' ends. He airily alludes to the "author of *Lohengrin*" without a hint whether it is a mediæval worthy or Richard Wagner (I. 225). Who are the "clerks of St. Hippolytus" whom Margrave Leopold II. of Austria "expelled" (II. 31)? Have they anything to do with the place which Mr. Fisher after his fashion calls "St. Polten on the Traise" on II. 28 and 305, but which precisians call St. Pölten on the Traisen? Where is the Hamburg that, though not in any way explained, seems on II. 53 to be an Austrian town? How can the principle of giving names in the form easiest for the English reader justify the famous battle of Hohenburg being called the "victory of

the Homburg" (I. 127), though here we are at least put on the right track in the index?

Some of Mr. Fisher's slips are hard indeed to understand. The text shows us that the "Johannes Sacerb" of a note on II. 118 is our old friend John of Salisbury. But it requires some learning to think out how many books are referred to in the reference to "Schmitz's *Osterreichs Scheyern Wittelsbacher oder die Dynastie der Babenberger*" (II. 26). What also is "*Cap. Agwisg.*" on I. 159? Who is the unknown Scot named Laing who produced a "*Cod. Dip. Ital.*" (II. 166)? Which of the Brunos was a "humorist" (II. 89)? The judicious index-maker shirks the knotty problem by omitting the reference, and we think he acted wisely. Who was the "Patriarch of Aglei" who on II. 230 appears, we imagine, as an Italian bishop, for we are told that he was "almost always a German"? However, on II. 121 the same cryptic personage figures as a constituent element of a "majority of the German prelates." He also occurs in the index, which stereotypes with touching simplicity the silliest slips in the book. Mr. Fisher would be well advised to issue a fresh and carefully revised edition of his book as soon as may be. It is much to be regretted that a book so promising and so solid in essentials should be issued to the public in such a hasty and unscholarly form.

HAWAIIAN "PROGRESS."

THE MAKING OF HAWAII: A STUDY IN SOCIAL EVOLUTION. By W. F. Blackman. London: Macmillan & Co.

PROFESSOR BLACKMAN, of Yale University, has written a study of the social, political, and moral development of the Hawaiian people which can hardly fail to interest any student of ethnology. Whether it will appeal with success to well-instructed readers of such few "documents" as throw a clear light upon recent Hawaiian history may be doubted. For the Professor is nothing if not enthusiastic, and it is not certain that "the notable and noble part" taken by Yale men in the development of Hawaii is so distinct to impartial English eyes as it evidently appears to his ardent gaze. As a series of vivid pictures of successive "states" of Hawaiian manners and customs, it would, however, be somewhat difficult to over-estimate the value of Professor Blackman's book. Rarely, indeed, has the awkward truth about life in any tropical island been told with more vigour——we had almost said with more gusto—than in "The Making of Hawaii." If there are any delightful people left, in quiet country towns, who think that all "the heathen" need to make them virtuous and industrious is a supply of church services and European garments, Professor Blackman's readable book may indeed not have been written in vain.

As becomes a Yale Professor, the author of "The Making of Hawaii" is of opinion that the sometimes maligned American missionaries who arrived at Hawaii in 1820 were moved in the main by self-sacrificing motives, and they certainly seem to have shown much of the good, as well as some of the defects, of the Puritan type of character in their dealings with the natives. Professor Blackman believes that they had to contend with an awkward state of public feeling as to immigrants, which had been excited by the atrocities and immoralities of some earlier white visitors; and they probably encountered a moral tone in the population even lower than that which had been prevalent before the islands had been visited by white sailors in any number. But this was not all. Scattered among the islands was a kind of white human driftweed, a population made up of keepers of taverns, sailors' boarding-houses, and the like, which detested religion and morality equally, and yet could find powerful friends in the consuls of the great Powers. Professor Blackman is surely right in surmising that the missionaries who met the opposition of such a horde in a fairly good spirit, and succeeded in partially Christianising a large number of natives, must have been under the influence of something much higher than the mere restless spirit of American enterprise. In 1840, under "king" Kamehameha III., the first Constitution of Hawaii was promulgated—a crude production, "its spirit curiously compounded of customary and feudal, biblical, British, and American elements." But this Constitution marked a long step taken by the Hawaiian people on the path of (at least outward) civilisation; and Commodore Wilkes, a fairly impartial American observer of matters Hawaiian, regarded this Constitution as "among the most obvious benefits of missionary labours."

The United States recognised the Hawaiian people as a nation in 1842, and Great Britain and France soon followed the lead of the American Government. Alas for the hopes of blind mortals! Hawaii was destined to tread no long upward path of progress. The second Constitution (1852) was an improvement upon the first, but the third (1864) was distinctly reactionary. And after the death of "king" Lunalilo in 1874 a greater change came over the spirit of the scene. For Kalakaua had not been long upon the throne before it became obvious that his principles and conduct were suffering a relapse into barbarism. By 1887 he had roused even Hawaiian public opinion, and a revised Constitution was proclaimed. But the racial conflict had begun, and its end was foreseen from the very beginning; from the moment that the Republic of 1894 was proclaimed, annexation to the United States was bound to come to pass. Of all the need that there is for some of the best men in American politics and social life to interest themselves in the physical and moral condition of the Hawaiian people, Professor Blackman's interesting volume gives a clear if somewhat rough sketch.

THE BEGINNINGS OF ASTRONOMY.

RESEARCHES INTO THE ORIGIN OF THE PRIMITIVE CONSTELLATIONS OF THE GREEKS, PHŒNICIANS, AND BABYLONIANS. By Robert Brown, Jun., F.S.A. Vol. I. London: Williams & Norgate.

MR. ROBERT BROWN is a veteran student of mythology, especially in its connection with astronomy. Books written in illustration of this fascinating but perilous study can seldom receive much assistance from periodical criticism. Either they are so extravagant and fanciful as to merit nothing but a brief dismissal, or, if the production of sober scholars, the very small audience of competent critics are probably rival, possibly hostile, investigators. We should not venture to say more of Mr. Brown's labours than that they undoubtedly belong to the region of genuine scientific research. The writer is neither a sciolist nor a learned man whose imagination has run away with him. He may be wrong or right, but he has always a reason for what he thinks, and, to the best of our judgment, generally a good reason. We learn with some little alarm that, being himself necessarily ignorant of cuneiform, which would have involved the study of a lifetime, he looks forward for aid to the publication of the masses of Assyrian and Babylonian astronomical inscriptions as yet undeciphered in the British Museum. We will venture to say that these inscriptions had better remain unpublished until the study of cuneiform has made more progress, and until Assyriologists have become astronomers or *vice versâ*. The internal evidence of many of the published renderings suggests serious grounds for doubt. Mr. Brown himself occasionally shows a tendency to overlook the obvious, as when he declares the amount of folk-lore which all over the world connects the moon and the hare to be "simply astonishing," passing by the fact that over a great part of the world the marks on the moon's surface, which we compare to a bush or a bundle of sticks, have suggested the idea of a hare. But this is

exceptional, and his work may be recommended to the study even of those who may take little interest in the history of the constellations as a peculiarly instructive and convincing illustration of the close intellectual connection of the chief nations of the ancient world, and of the extent to which Greece was influenced by Babylonia. The *Phænomena* of Aratus, B.C. 270, describe the face of the heavens as it was viewed by the Babylonian astronomers about B.C. 2084. Traces of Babylonian influence may be found even in English slang. We learn from Mr. Brown that the name of the Assyrian Lord of the Underworld, and hence of death, was *Mul-lit*, and may thus discern the remote origin of the gipsy word *mullo*, a corpse, which, brought into our language by those vagrants, has originated the *mull* and *mulligrubs* of the British schoolboy.

A FLORENTINE STATESMAN.

Cosimo de' Medici. By Miss Ewart. ("The Foreign Statesmen" Series.) London: Macmillan & Co.

To few books is it more necessary to apply Pope's admonition regarding the writer's end than to the admirable series edited by Professor Bury. As we understand that end, it was to set before the fairly instructed general reader adequate sketches of great political careers without adornment or philosophising. There is a danger in such a purpose of demanding the books of human interest. But we can well understand that of two dangers the learned writers took precaution mainly against cheapness and tawdry embellishment. Miss Ewart's study of Cosimo de' Medici at any rate, if it errs at all, errs on the side of historical stiffness and dignity. Nothing could be more praiseworthy than the laborious mastery of detail shown in every page. But somehow the result is not enlivening, and a sense of unreality grows with the accumulation of names, parties, plots and wars. We speak mainly from the point of view of those who come raw to the study of the subject. To the more instructed reader the narrative is a model of sober and impartial appreciation. Miss Ewart is justified in thinking Cosimo the first in order of time of European statesmen of the modern type. It would be absurd to say that he was the founder of the modern school of diplomacy, but in his scientific and cold method he demonstrated how powerful an instrument diplomacy can be. Miss Ewart joins the general cry against Macchiavelli and his teaching. But once the poise of States is looked at from the standpoint of mechanics, the whole thing is a game of skill; and postulating it to be so, Macchiavelli laid down rules for the game which are neither moral nor immoral any more than the feints and hidden moves of a general are so. All men who eliminate from the entangling environment the net question to be examined are exposed to misunderstanding; and so arose the foolish phrases about immoral politics and heartless political economy. To describe with precision how human life can be most promptly taken need not necessarily be a lesson in murder. Herein indeed lies the singular fascination of the great Italians of the Renascence period. They never confused themselves or others by jumbling up separable things. They discussed morals as moralists, and tactics as tacticians. They cleared their minds of cant.

In the able sketch of Florence under the oligarchy we hardly think that Miss Ewart does full justice to the economic ability of the Florentine rulers, and we think she is a little unfair in her view of their principles of taxation. Although injustice may have been worked in many instances, the principle of differentiating between property in land and the more precarious property of trade was surely a sound one. But full justice is done to the graduated income-tax reform of 1431.

It is not, however, the story of Florentine home policy that bears most closely on the strange career of Cosimo de' Medici. Sprung as he was from the great trading class, and himself a wealthy merchant and banker, Cosimo was able by his commanding financial position to control trade, which practically meant to determine the policy of Florence. Such a position is one of great peril. If by any mishap political disaster occurs there is always a tendency to ascribe it to the crooked and selfish policy of financial manipulators, and all sorts of charges are made. Cosimo and his family were certainly open to grave suspicion, and Florence in the fifteenth century had a drastic way of giving sanction to suspicion. The banishment of Cosimo by Rinaldo's faction, his stay at Venice, his return and his accession to power, all occurring between the September of 1433 and January, 1435, are mainly moves in a great Stock Exchange war. But from 1435 to his death thirty years later Cosimo was the inspiration of Florentine politics of the larger and nobler kind. Without Richelieu's piercing intellect, he had much of Richelieu's political skill. Miss Ewart has admirably sketched the difficulties with which he had to deal, and we entirely agree with her division of his reign into the twelve years of adherence to the Venetian alliance and the remaining eighteen dedicated to the more ambitious policy of alliance with Milan and France. There is no masterstroke of statesmanship shown. But there is finesse and craft worthy of Mazarin or Gortschakoff. It is rather a pity, we think, that the story is so involved and intricate in the telling of these years. Perspective is sacrificed to minute accuracy, often, indeed, of mere naming or enumeration. The rival policies are not brought into visible relief, and we have not the advantage of any expression of Miss Ewart's own opinions on the most interesting points. With Arragon ever meddling in Italian affairs it was natural enough to look to France for a protector. But protectors have a habit of staying on, and it is hardly a proof of Cosimo's far-sightedness that he did not take some care to prevent French ascendancy in Naples and Milan, which threatened to make all Italy into a French province.

On the whole, the impression left by Miss Ewart's book is, we think, historically accurate. Cosimo was a master of statecraft, but hardly a great statesman. But he was the patron of all the arts and all the sciences. The closing chapters which treat of him from this point of view leave little to be desired. They are intensely interesting. They show the wily politician using poets against poets and orators against orators; but they show him, too, as a profound student of the sublime speculations of Greek philosophy and the practical patron of genius in distress. If we were to try and give latter-day designations, we should say that he was at once the boss and wirepuller of Florence, while lavishly helping on every form of intellectual activity, in all of which he took an intelligent interest. All this falls far short of greatness or heroism. But it is none the less interesting for its limitations, and Miss Ewart, apart from cumbersome detail, has given us an adequate study of the character in its weakness and its strength. One minor remark: does not Miss Ewart in the footnote on page 28 underrate the importance of the "Riformagioni"? It did not act as an automatic register, but theoretically at least perused laws and decisions to test their "constitutionality."

THE HISTORY OF ROMAN LAW.

Historical Introduction to the Private Law of Rome. By the late James Muirhead, LL.D. 2nd edition. Revised and edited by Henry Goudy, LL.D. London: Adam & Charles Black.

Mr. Muirhead was Professor of Law at Edinburgh, Mr. Goudy was one of his pupils, and, by the well-directed favour of the Crown, is Regius Professor of Civil Law in the University of Oxford. If Professor Muirhead's book was to be republished, which it well deserved to be, there could have been no more

competent or discreet editor. We know no other book in English on the history of Roman law which contains the fruit of so much learning, and teachers may be recommended to make their pupils read it in order to correct the error prevalent among the young of regarding Roman law as if it had come into the world as a whole instead of after laborious and long-continued development. That the book will be much read by other than students, or by students who are not made to read it, it would be idle to pretend. Professor Muirhead wrote his book as an article for the "Encyclopædia Britannica," but, finding it too big for any encyclopædia to hold, published it as a book. It retains some of the vices of its origin. The author's object seems to have been to get as much fact as possible into the space, regardless of style or form or the higher lucidities. Thus the book, though thoroughly sound as a bit of workmanship, is not light reading, or illuminative to those who are not accustomed to the encyclopædic manner. We miss the masterly grip of Gibbon's chapters, in which he treats of the development of Roman law from the Twelve Tables to Justinian. Would it not be possible for Professor Goudy to give us Gibbon's chapters with sufficient addition by way of footnotes to bring in the fruit of later research?

The earlier portion of Professor Muirhead's book is just a little aggravating. He has a very positive way of stating what exactly was the law, and how it came to be the law before the Twelve Tables, though, as his editor truly remarks, our knowledge of the customs of early Rome "cannot be based upon historical evidence; it is almost entirely conjectural." Our Scotch friends have done so much more for the study of Roman law than we Southrons have, that it may be ungenerous to point out that the tendency to be positive about what is necessarily conjectural is a dangerous tendency, not by any means to be encouraged. Indeed, some of Professor Muirhead's positive statements seem to us rather wild guesses. When, however, he reaches firmer historical ground, he is usually judicious, and no reader can leave the book without appreciating the magnitude and scope of his learning.

FICTION.

STUFF O' THE CONSCIENCE. By Lily Thicknesse. London and New York: Harper Brothers.

LOVE MADE MANIFEST. By Guy Boothby. London: Ward, Lock & Co., Limited.

A COUNTY SCANDAL. By F. Emily Phillips. London: John Macqueen.

THE HACIENDA ON THE HILL. By Richard Henry Savage. London: George Routledge & Sons.

"STUFF O' THE CONSCIENCE" is a story of more than ordinary merit, which very narrowly escapes a complete success. If it were not, indeed, that the *motif* of the work is somewhat perplexing, and the end disappointing, "Stuff o' the Conscience" would have deserved the warmest commendations of the critic. As it is, the book is interesting from the first page to the last; interesting because of its close grip of human nature, and the skill and knowledge with which the individual characters of the tale are portrayed. It is a story of theatrical life, but it is much more than this. If it begins at the beginning, and shows us the initiation of Arthur Withington, the hero, into the Bohemianism of a travelling company, it presents him to us, before the story is complete, as the great actor of his time, the friend of princes and women of fashion, the recognised embodiment of dramatic art. All this is excellently done. We doubt, indeed, if any recent theatrical novel has been more true to life than "Stuff o' the Conscience." Nor is the inner side of the story less admirable in its way. Withington, in the first flush of his great success, marries a beautiful girl, of good family and good means, and thereby consolidates his position as an actor recognised by society. But before ever he met his wife, his heart had been given away to Benita, the actress who won his admiration and his love in his earliest days upon the stage. Benita is herself a lady by birth and training, but in a moment of infatuation she had eloped with an elderly actor. Cut off from all intercourse with her family, she is compelled by her husband's failure of health to resort to the stage as a profession. She has in her the makings of a great actress, and her first great triumph is secured when she plays with Arthur Withington in a piece that touches upon the eternal marriage question. It is the extraordinary success achieved by both in the scene in which she is wooed by Withington as the stage libertine that opens her eyes to her danger; and in the moment of her greatest triumph she renounces the theatre and goes back to a life of penury with her grumbling and senile husband. Henceforth she is but a distant star in the heavens above Withington's head, until, when both are growing in years, fate once more brings them together. There are many strong passages in "Stuff o' the Conscience," and there are some that are beautiful. It is a book to be read, even although it leaves upon the reader's mind a certain sense of disappointment.

Mr. Guy Boothby has adopted that which is, for him, a novel line in "Love Made Manifest." This is not a story of mystery and melodrama, worked out by the aid of an unspeakable and almost supernatural villain. It is a story of idyllic love, and, alas! of Mrs. Grundy. It opens by presenting to us a boy and girl on an island of the Pacific. The boy is studious and thoughtful, dreaming a boy's dreams of literary success and glory; the girl is a true woman, thinking more of what her boy-lover is than of anything he may come to be. Fate suddenly comes down upon Loie Fanchester, and takes her away from her sweetheart Claude and the island in the Pacific by transforming her father, a drunken beach-comber, into the Earl of Kilgovan, and herself into the Lady Loie Fanchester. She goes to England to become the beauty of the season, and to command the admiration of men of all degrees. Claude, unable to bear his loneliness upon the island when she is gone, enters upon a hard life of drudgery, first in Australia and afterwards in London, from which he suddenly emerges as the most popular and successful author of his time. When he next meets Loie, each has gone through the empty form of marriage, and in each case the ceremony has been the merest sham. Both have been duped, Claude by a narrow-minded religious fanatic, who leaves him on his wedding-day because she disapproves of the tendency of his writings, and Loie by a wealthy profligate to whom she has been cruelly sold by her impecunious father. Meeting under these circumstances, the old lovers love each other once more, and after a struggle against temptation, chiefly, it must be confessed, on the part of Claude, they fly together to their old home in the Pacific, to find peace and happiness there. It is hard upon a couple who, in everything except regard for the decrees of the Registrar-General, are husband and wife, that they should become the victims of an overpowering remorse. It is not merely hard, but we think that it is not true to human nature. Yet Mr. Boothby pursues the erring pair as though he were Mrs. Grundy incarnate, and the love-story ends in the most dismal of tragedies. There is a great deal to be commended in "Love Made Manifest," but, upon the whole, we prefer Mr. Boothby in his more usual vein.

There is undoubted ability in "A County Scandal," and just that touch of real feeling in the telling of the tale which proves the sincerity of the writer. The story is, in some respects, a sad one, because it shows us the sufferings which innocent persons may have to undergo from no fault of their own, and shows us also a wickedness which goes unpunished—so far as human eyes can perceive. This, however, only means that it shows us life in one, at

least, of its many phases. The story is distinctly original in its characters as well as in its treatment. We do not remember that we have ever met before with a hero who was quite like Jasper Ellis. He has certainly none of the conventional qualities of the hero. He is shy, awkward, not without a touch of cunning, and, alas! with a distinct moral weakness which reveals itself when, succumbing to sudden temptation, he steals a bundle of bank-notes from the desk of his dead benefactor. There was surely never so unpromising a hero as this, yet the author handles him in such a way as to inspire us first with pity, and then with a certain amount of admiration. For Jasper Ellis, with all his defects of manner and faults of character, had the crowning merit of faith, fulness in love, and absolute unselfishness. He appears in the story as the foil to a rich young man, Marmaduke Aylward, who has all the conventional attributes of a hero except a hero's heart. A cruel stroke of fortune has placed in Marmaduke's power not only vast wealth, but a beautiful and innocent girl, the ward of his dead uncle, whose estate he had inherited. Marmaduke regards Allegra as a conqueror of old would have regarded a woman who had fallen to him as a spoil of war. She, in her childlike innocence, frankly loves the man who has suddenly taken the place of her lost guardian, just as she recoils from her old playfellow, Jasper Ellis. But gradually, as the story is unfolded, Allegra discovers what manner of man Marmaduke is, and just as she shrinks from him she is drawn nearer to the faithful loyalty of the uncouth Jasper. This is a very good world for the rich, and the author of "A County Scandal" has not failed to emphasise the fact. For Marmaduke there is all the glory and contentment which great possessions and an assured social position can afford. Poverty and shame are Jasper's lot. Yet in one thing it is Jasper who emerges victorious from the bitter struggle. To him, in the end, is given the love of Allegra, whilst Marmaduke, who had first sought to treat her as spoil of war, and who had next been carried away by a passion which made him seek her as his wife, since there was no other way in which he could possess her, has to fall back upon a loveless marriage with the daughter of a peer. That is his only punishment for cruelty and meanness of no ordinary kind; but possibly the penalty was not inadequate.

Major Richard Henry Savage played a certain part in the American occupation of Cuba during the recent war. He describes that part in the introduction to his new story, "The Hacienda on the Hill," and it does not seem to have been a discreditable one. The Major's exploits as a gallant soldier of the United States Army have, however, no connection with his story, and we are somewhat at a loss to understand the reason for their introduction into this volume. The story itself is in the vein which Major Savage has made familiar to us. It bristles with adventures of the most blood-curdling kind. It introduces us to that lady of wondrous physical beauty and extreme moral depravity who, if we are to believe American novelists, is indigenous to Cuba. It portrays for us villianies of every variety, and, above all, it presents us with a full-length portrait of one scoundrel whose villainy surpasses that of everybody else. It is too soon to treat the Spanish-American war as the theme of historical romance, and we cannot but think that Major Savage has been guilty of an artistic blunder in making General Weyler the arch-villain of his tale. Indeed, we think that the ex-Captain-General of Cuba has good grounds for proceeding against Major Savage for libel. Weyler cannot be called an engaging character, and his cruelties during the Cuban insurrection have been duly attested, but it is difficult to believe that he, or, indeed, any other human being, could have been quite so wicked as he is made to appear in this story. This, however, is a matter between the Spaniard and the American. People who read "The Hacienda on the Hill" will find that it is a stirring tale of the last days of the struggle in Cuba, and, whether they agree or not with the author's estimate of General Weyler, they will at least admit that the story is as full of incident and excitement as the most exacting reader of romance could desire.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

"King Robert the Bruce" was long ago called by Lord Hailes the Restorer of Scottish Monarchy, but Mr. Murison, in the latest volume of the "Famous Scots Series," thinks that after all that was a light matter, since the king was in truth the restorer of Scottish independence. Some time ago Mr. Murison contributed a monograph on Sir William Wallace to the present series, and this volume is its historical complement. "Together they outline from the standpoint of the leading spirits the prolonged and successful struggle of the Scots against the unprovoked aggression of Edward I. and Edward II.—the most memorable episode in the history of Scotland." Mr. Murison claims that as in the case of Wallace, so in that of Bruce, his narrative is based on the earliest authorities. He has sifted for himself State records, official papers, old chronicles, and has come to his own conclusions without the aid of modern historians. Therein lies the value of the book; it is a fresh, independent, critical estimate of the man who emancipated Scotland from a thraldom which was almost worse than death. Bruce's career from first to last is described in these pages with uncompromised fidelity, and no attempt is made to gloss over the faults of a masterful nature. Mr. Murison thinks that justice has scarcely been done to the wonderful struggle of Sir William Wallace against Edward I., and he makes no secret of his opinion that, but for Wallace and his ten years of stubborn contest with the English invaders, Robert Bruce would never have been King of Scotland. The one built on the other's foundations, but that circumstance need not blind us to the splendid qualities which made Robert Bruce the "central figure in the final establishment of the independence of Scotland." The historic and, indeed, epoch-making contest at Bannockburn—it was fought June 24th, 1314—is minutely described, and this naturally forms the most impressive passage in the record. It is the turning point in the story, and full justice is done to its far-reaching issues. Stress is laid on Bruce's unwearied patience in preparation for battle, his wary disposition of his soldiers, his tenacity of purpose, and his cool judgment. He possessed audacity and caution, and knew well not merely how to handle men, but how to inspire them. Quick to discover weakness either on the part of his own troops or on that of the enemy, he knew supremely when and where to strike, and that, more than anything else, was the secret of his power. "He started in the acquisitive spirit of an Anglo-Norman baron, and was carried through largely by his personal gallantry, his military capacity, his consummate prudence, and his indomitable resolution. Though the mass of the people rallied to him but slowly through many years, yet he at once gained the more ardent patriots; and, in particular, he had the instant support of the leading prelates, and at the Dundee Parliament on February 24th, 1308, the formal adhesion of the clergy generally." Mr. Murison rightly insists that it is difficult to exaggerate the aid which King Robert received from men of the stamp of Randolph and Douglas. The former was the king's nephew, and became Earl of Moray. "A man he was," says Lord Hailes, "to be remembered whilst integrity, prudence, and valour are held in high esteem among men." As for the Black Douglas, Froissart describes him as the bravest and most enterprising knight in the two kingdoms. He was, even beyond the rest, as Fordun puts it, "a brave hammerer of the English." Then there was Sir Edward de Brus, Lord of Galloway, and Earl of Carrick, a soldier whose services have been, Mr. Murison thinks, seriously underrated. Sir Edward, whom Barbour describes as "outrageous hardy," is happily called in these pages a prototype of Hotspur. No doubt the folly of Edward II. and the tyranny

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* King Robert the Bruce. By A. F. Murison. (Famous Scots Series.) Edinburgh and London: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.

A Constitutional and Political History of Rome, from the Earliest Times to the Reign of Domitian. By T. M. Taylor, M.A. London: Methuen & Co.

"Heart of Man." By George Edward Woodberry. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

Examination Papers on Constitutional and General History of England. By J. Tait Wardlaw, B.A. (School Examination Series.) London: Methuen & Co.

Othello. By William Shakespeare. With an Introduction and Notes by John Dennis. Illustrated. (The Chiswick Shakespeare.) London: George Bell & Son.

Macbeth. By William Shakespeare. With an Introduction and Notes by John Dennis. Illustrated. (The Chiswick Shakespeare.) London: George Bell & Son.

of those who were charged with his behests contributed to Bruce's triumph, and that is not overlooked in this singularly candid monograph.

Quite the best popular account which we remember ever to have seen of the growth of the Roman constitution and the problems of government which gather about it has just appeared. Mr. Taylor—Porson University Scholar at Cambridge and a well known Fellow of Gonville and Caius—states that he has been led to trace the "Constitutional and Political History of Rome," from the earliest epoch to the reign of Domitian, because of the lack of a text-book on the subject. There are, of course, plenty of elaborate historical treatises for advanced students, especially for those who are equipped with a knowledge of French and German. Mr. Taylor's luminous and succinct manual is based to a large extent on Mommsen and Niebuhr, Herzog and Merivale, and Bruns and Lange. Every student knows that a great deal of obscurity surrounds the foundation of the Republic and in a certain sense the growth of the Empire. The Roman constitution was the outcome of a slow process of evolution; the privileged classes fought hard for their supremacy, and the result was centuries of political strife. Prominent attention is called in these pages to the fact that there was no Lycurgus to lay down once for all the social system of Rome, much less any Solon or Pericles to reform the constitution and bring in a new order of things bearing the stamp of creative and great individuality. Step by step the growth of Roman institutions is traced in these pages until the Empire, thanks to victorious legions, was established. Great constitutional changes took place under Tiberius, a ruler who knew not merely how to wield power but, when occasion arose, to conceal the fact. In spite of tyranny and cruelty of various kinds, Tiberius as a ruler was not so black as he is often painted. "He had spent much of his early life in important commands; he knew the requirements of the Empire and was familiar with the circumstances of the provincials. Hated though he was at Rome, his scrupulous fairness was a proverb among the provincials; no robbery by the governors was permitted; no new exactions were tolerated; the duty of the shepherd was to 'shear his sheep and not to skin them.'" Tiberius was always careful of the material prosperity of the capital. Great care was taken to prevent any failure of the corn supply, and Tiberius, who was himself a man of frugal mind, husbanded carefully the resource of the Treasury. After the terrible reign of Nero a state of anarchy prevailed which was only ended by the accession to power of Vespasian. One feature of Vespasian's reign is noteworthy: he was a military commander raised by his soldiers to the throne, and it was not unnatural that he should lay more stress on the military than the civil side of the Emperor's power as it began to be more visible in his reign. Vespasian was the first ruler to date his reign from the day on which he was hailed as Emperor by the army, not, as his predecessors had done, from the day on which the Tribunicia Potestas was conferred. Galba, Otho, Vitellius had been virtually Emperors as soon as their armies had proclaimed them and their rivals had fallen, but they kept up the empty tradition of election by the Senate. It was Domitian, with whom this survey ends, who reduced the Senate to practical impotence. He was an imperious autocrat, and after his reign the Senate never recovered its old ascendancy. As a text-book for beginners Mr. Taylor's volume has strong claims, especially as its contents are admirably arranged, and authorities are invariably cited.

Behind the scenes, both in the great publishing houses and the small, there is plenty of bustle now that autumn is fairly at hand, and with it the best weeks of the publishing season. At the moment, however, the output of books is almost as small as it was in the dog-days—a condition of things which will change suddenly just before the month is out. Meanwhile the lull before the battle of the books is curiously marked, in spite of the presence of a few stragglers. "Heart of Man"—a fanciful title suggested by a well-known line from Wordsworth—consists of a sheaf of republished essays from *The Century Magazine* by Professor Woodberry, of Columbia College. What we get in the volume are side-lights on literature and politics, interwoven with romantic legend and deep-sea soundings in religion. The style is, however, much too rhetorical for the printed page.—There has just been added to the School Examination Series a little volume of searching questions on the "Constitutional and General History of England," designed to test the knowledge of candidates for a pass degree in history in the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. These eleven hundred questions cover the whole field up to the Reform Bill of 1885, and their value to candidates for historical scholarships and lads who wish to excel in the historical work of the public schools is incontestable. —Two new volumes have just been added to the Chiswick Shakespeare—a series which in size and general aspect suggest comparison with the Temple Classics. One contains the text of *Othello*, and the other that of *Macbeth*, two of the four great tragedies which Shakespeare is believed to have written within the narrow compass of three years. Mr. John Dennis contributes to both volumes a critical introduction, brief notes, and a glossary, and Mr. Byam Shaw is responsible for drawings which, we confess, we do not admire, even though we may be charged with a lack of taste in certain quarters.

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